

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

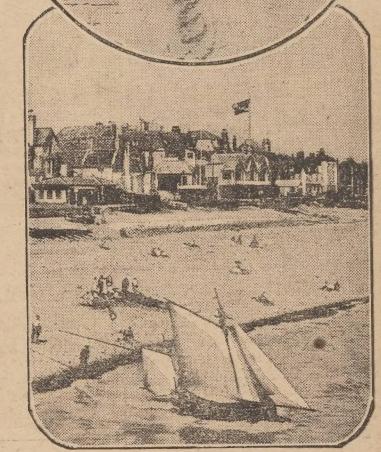
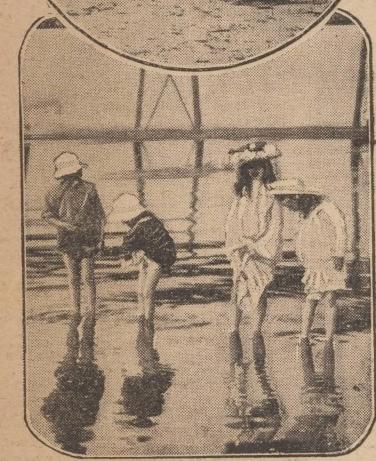
No. 581.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

HOW TO SPEND A COOL WEEK-END DURING THE TROPICAL HEAT.



Everybody flies whenever possible to the waterside during such a spell of heat as we are enduring at present. By the sea and on the river there are fresh breezes such as cannot be found elsewhere, not to mention the supreme joy of splashing about in water very many degrees cooler than the heated air. Our photographs will give those who are going out of town a foretaste of the delights in store for them, and enable those who cannot get away to enjoy in imagination the pleasure they are unable to realise in fact.

KITTY.—Twickenham 2 o'clock. Looking forward eagerly.
SENTINEL.—Letter missed. Please send address—
A. THE PUBLISHER.—I will be off to the United Kingdom for
a day or two to try and secure the United Kingdom.—Ad-
dress.—The Publisher, 12, Whitefriars-st, London, E.C.
MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to have his advertisement published in the "Over-Seas Daily Mail" in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Seas Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the Colonies, and in the United States. The person to be found, Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Seas Daily Mail," 12, Whitefriars-st, London.

* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of one shilling for 1s 6d, and 2d per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Post Office rates, one shilling for 1s 6d, and 1d per word after.—Address—Advertisement Manager, "Mirro," 12, Whitefriars-st, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

A DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart.
LAST NIGHT. At 9.20, F. R. Benson and Company in
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. At 8.30, AYLMER'S
SECRET, by Stephen Phillips. Tel. 2645 Gerard.

IMPERIAL.—Mr. LEWIS WALLER,
TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30 (300 PERFORMANCES).
MONSIEUR BEAUAIGNE,
560TH PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.

LAST TWO MATINEES TO-DAY and WED. NEXT, 2.30.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet.
Under the management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. At
6.15, THE LADY OF THE MISTRESS; THE BREED OF THE
BRETHAHL; TO-DAY and WED. MAT., at 2.30, of THE
ONLY WAY. Tel. 3587 Gerard.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3.0,
6.0 and 9.0. All seats in all parts numbered and reserved.
Standard envelopes should accompany all postal
applications for seats.

PRICES: Boxes £2 2s; El. 1s 6d, and £1 1s.; Fan-
tomes £1 1s; Stalls £1 6d, and £1 1s.; Balcony
(Telephone, No. 7,689 Gerard); Grand Tier, £1; Balcony
(Telephone, No. 7,689 Gerard). Children under 12
half-price to all Fantomes and Stalls. Telegrams, "Col-
seum-London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO-DAY.
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Representative Exhibits from all parts of the World.
GREAT SAMOAN ANIMAL CAMP.

DISPLAY OF VICTORIAN WARRIOR, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
NATIONAL CYCLOPS, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.

GRAND CONCERTS AT 2.30 and 6.30.
100 Miles Pace Cycle Race at 3.0.

CALIFORNIA, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.0.
Tibetan Temple Band, 6.0. Colossal Guards

GORGEOUS FIREWORK DISPLAY BY BROCK, 9.15.
PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF Trafalgar.

Table d'hôte luncheon and dinner in the new Dining

Rooms overlooking the grounds and Firework Displays.

Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S,"
OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acts and Per-
formances. Price 2s. 6d. and 3s. Prices from 6d. Child-
ren half-price. Telephone 4138 Gerard.

"Jumbo Junior," Society's latest p.t. At Home" daily.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES
EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

From 11 to 12 p.m. Admission 1s.

Naval Constructors, Ship Chandlers, and Fisheries.

NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS.

Fishing Village Working Exhibits. Mode of "Victory"
GRAND ARDRELL CONCERT BY H.M. BAND OF THE
ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, 8.30.

BAND OF THE 3RD MIDDLESEX GARRISON

ARTILLERY. EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.

Real Batteries of 4.7 Guns. Hotchkiss and Maxims.

The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handymen.

PROUD OF OUR NAVY. By Rev. A. M. West's "Our Navy." Maxim's Captive Flying Machine.

Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes. Burton's Great Red Indian Vil-

lage. The Indian Queen. The Indian King. The Indian Queen.

Vanderbilt's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. The Indian Queen.

THE NATIONAL WAIFS' HOME (DR. BARNARDOS' HOME).

Dr. Barnardo and his Council cordially invite

all Friends of their cause to give them

the pleasure of their company on FOUNDER'S

DAY, to be held (D.V.)

TO-DAY (SATURDAY), JULY 15, 1905,

GIRLS' VILLAGE HOMES, BARKINGSIDE, ESSEX.

Open from 10.45 a.m. to 8 p.m.

LORD BRASSEY WILL PRESIDE at the Meeting at

2.30 p.m., and will be supported by among others, by the

Rev. Bishop of Dartmoor, D.D.; Sir Robert Anderson,

Colonel Martin Frith, J.E. Hart, Esq., Dr. F. B.

Meyer, B.A.; Rev. Presbytery Barker, M.A.; William McCall, Esq.; Dr. Harry Grattan Guinness; Howard Williams, Esq.; Rev. A. J. Palmer (of Stratford); and Dr. Barnardo.

LORD AND LADY BRASSEY

will declare Three New Buildings Open for the use of

the Children, and LADY BRASSEY will present Prizes to

some of the Young Hostess.

The varied engagements of the day will begin by

A SERVICE OF PRAISE in the Children's Church at

11 a.m. During the afternoon Mr. Howard Williams will

lay the Foundation Stone of the Sdnal Dene School,

and Members of Council, Staff, and Students, and New Cottages. Twenty Workshops will be in full swing all day, operated by Trainee Boys and Girls from the Homes—then the Band of the Royal Horse Artillery will play a Maypole on the Village Green; and Gymnastics by a Mayo-
polis.

The Band will play. A Special Squad of Little

Hands Boys will be present from the Training

School, and will give an exhibition of Drills and Action

Song. 400 Young Emigrants to sail, D.V., in a few days for Canada, will be commended to God's care.

REFRESHMENTS.

An excellent Cold Meat Luncheon can be obtained

1s. 6d. The Grounds at any hour from 12 noon until

5.30 p.m. (1s.) available all day long; also Ices and Mineral Waters.

Special Trains will leave during the day, both from Liverpool and Fenchurch-streets to Barkingside (within fifty yards of the village green) and to Ilford, from which an express train to Finsbury Park conveys passengers to the village in eighteen minutes.

On Saturday July 15, the following suitable trains will run from:

10 a.m. 10.40 a.m. (special) 10.45 a.m. 11.11 a.m.

11.30 a.m. 12.42 p.m. 1.14 p.m. 1.20 p.m. 1.43 p.m.

2.30 p.m. 2.18 p.m. 2.32 p.m. 2.44 p.m. 3.55 p.m. (special through).

Return Trains every forty minutes.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

Children under 14: SIXPENCE.

GEORGE CODE, Hon. Secretary,

Head Office of National Incorporated Waifs' Association

(Dr. Barnardo's Homes), 26, Stepney-causway, London, E.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.

Sunniest spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and scenery charming; guides, excr. bills, hotel and apart. lists post free.—WALTER D. KEIG, 27, IMPERIAL-buildings,

Lodge Circus, E.C.

ST. IVEL CHEESE DISH

ST. IVEL CHEESE
As Supplied to
THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"The KING" says:
"DELICIOUS"

ST. IVEL CHEESE."

Buy now of all Grocers:

ST. IVEL CHEESE, 6d. and 1d. each.

ST. IVEL VEAL & HAM PIES, 1/-, 2/-, 3/- each

A COUPON WITH EACH CHEESE OR PIE.

APLIN & BARRETT, &c., Ltd.
VEOVIL, SOM.

This beautiful Cheese Dish given in exchange for 24 coupons.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

LADY Help: thoroughly domesticated; highest references—
E. H. C., 20, Hampton-nd, Forest Gate.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A—Art work at home; tinting prints and Xmas Cards;
send addressed envelope for particulars.—Art Studio, 6
Great Jamesst, W.C.

A Person of respectability and energy may hear of a high-class
Agency without outlay; good remuneration and
easy travel.

AMBITION Men anxious to get on should join the School
of Motoring; prospectus (2d) will return.—Berry-st, Liver-
pool; and 235, Deansgate, Manchester.

ART AT HOME.—How to turn artistic talent to account;
free booklet. Addressed envelope, Art School, 244, High
Holborn, W.C.

DO you earn £5 weekly? Do you want to?—Write for our
proposition prospects, and list of successful students;
sent free on request.—Page-Davis Advertising School
18, Queen-st, London, W.C.

FREE Sample Pocket Receipt Stamp; your own name and
address with particulars of spare time agency.—Dept. Z,
69, Aldersgate-st, London.

AUCTIONS.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.—VALUABLE
BUILDING SITES.
NOTICE OF IMPORTANT SALE.

THURSDAY, July 20, 1905, in Market Place, ESTATE,
Bold frontages, excellent roads, properly made, free.
Usual terms. Unequalled. Luncheon 1.30. Special
prices. Ss—Plans, etc., RIPPIN and RAKE, Ltd., 33,
Chapade, E.C.

ESSEY.—To close an estate.—Profitable and secure 8 per cent. investment.

Household buildings, free from valuation; immediate pos-
session; land tax redeemed and great tithe price;

£350; also seaside freehold farm; near Lowestoft; at
£500 per acre; sale price £595. Send for
descriptive envelope for particulars, Huckle, 412, London-nd, Lowestoft.

PRETIEST Part of Kent.—Land, £20 per acre; bungalows,
£475; cottages, £250; plots, £100; and garden plots, £475; im-
plements.—Brake, Walderslade, Chatham.

TO close an estate.—Profitable and secure 8 per cent. investment.
Houses, built by contract under supervision of
surveyor; building materials only used; each lot contains
£100; land tax redeemed and great tithe price;

£196 p.a.; also seaside freehold farm; near Lowestoft; at
£500 per acre; sale price £595. Send for
descriptive envelope for particulars, Huckle, 412, London-nd, Lowestoft.

£1 Cash. Finsbury Palace—brick, tiled roof; six rooms,
bath, offices; about 4 acres; gas, company water, sewers;
London 14 miles; mile station; good train service;
balance, £9s. 6d. monthly.—Homesteads (O), Limited, 27,
Essex-st, Strand.

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HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

England Broiling Beneath a
Tropic Sun.

RUSH FROM TOWN.

London Season Collapses Through
Heat.

DROUGHT AND CRIME.

Yesterday's shade temperature, 84 degrees.

Official forecast for the week-end: Fine and very warm.

In the shade yesterday the temperature in London was 84deg., the highest recorded this year.

Even that high figure does not represent the broiling temperature of the streets, for the shade thermometer on Holborn-viaduct stood at 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ at 3.30 p.m.

In the sun the temperature reached 134deg.

As the following readings, taken by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, show, this week has been one of the hottest London has experienced for some time. The records are shown in the following degree:-

	Shade, Sun.	Shade, Sun.
Sunday, 9	81	127
Monday, 10	73	119
Tuesday, 11	78	125
Wednesday, 12	78	126
Thursday, 13	80	131
Friday, 14	84	130

And the heat is not confined to any one district. It was fine yesterday at all the coast resorts, except Barmouth and Plymouth, where it was dull and the sea choppy. The following shade temperatures were registered:-

	Shade, Sun.	Shade, Sun.
Gromer	82	Southend
Yarmouth	78	Newmarket
Lowestoft	78	Newhaven
Paskeville	78	Bognor
Ipswich	80	Bath
Clacton	80	Weymouth

TERROR OF HOT NIGHTS.

The heat wave has been terribly trying to all, for after the heat of the days the nights have been bringing hardly any respite. The thermometer kept between 65deg. and 70deg., and not a breath of air stir. Sleep will not come under such conditions. The only way to get relief from the heat is to take a warm bath just before retiring.

London went in whole-hearted for cool cloathing yesterday. Of 2,655 male pedestrians seen a spot in the Strand in one hour, over 2,500 wore straw hats. The actual figures were:-

Silk hats	17
Hard felt hats	29
Soft felt hats	51
Fez	1
No hat	1
Straws and Panamas	2,556

2,655

MEN CARRYING FANS.

Gentlemen, as well as ladies, adopted the Japanese fashion of carrying a fan, and using it, in the street.

To those in ill-health or who are prone to sun stroke, light hats lined with black or red, and adequate protection for the back of the neck, are recommended.

But although the average man was gasping, to one athlete at least the problem of keeping cool seemed simple.

This vigorous youth keeps up his custom in all weathers of running completely round Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens early in the morning, to the amazement of the bathers in the Serpentine.

Streaming and breathless from his exercise, Mr. Jonas told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that "it was the finest thing in the world."

Indeed, he was so hot, that any high temperature during the day would probably seem cool by comparison.

ICED AND COOLING DRAUGHTS.

Ice was in great request, but in many first-class restaurants the supply ran out early in the afternoon. It was possible to get iced strawberries and other expensive and alluring cooling dishes at lunch-time, but the supply was soon exhausted.

Chef's shops are for the time regarded as restaurants, where saline and iced beverages are the chief items in a big trade.

Our Dumb Friends League is besieged with applications for horse-bonnets, of which many thousands recently ordered are anxiously awaited. The secretary told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that they are unusually late this year, owing to the adoption of a new pattern.

Cab-drivers are "making hay" while the sun shines. Nobody walks who can afford to drive, and it is not uncommon for cab-drivers to earn a

shilling for taking a "fare" less than a quarter of a mile.

To a tailor applicant yesterday who complained of hard times, Judge Edge said, "I have no doubt trade is bad. Instead of wanting clothes people are only too glad to throw off everything they can."

RUSH FOR THE SEASIDE.

Last night the great London termini were besieged by passengers to the seaside. Reports from correspondents at Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Folkestone, Yarmouth, Southend, Scarborough, and Blackpool point to a season of unexampled activity.

Lodging-house keepers are turning customers away in shoals, and open-air entertainers are doing extremely well.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

Three bathers lost their lives at Tynehead in the presence of a crowd of 200 yesterday evening. They were swept away by a strong current, and got into difficulties in the surf. Their names were J. R. Forsyth, commercial traveller; W. A. Thompson, electrician; and John Williams, a lad of seventeen years.

Private Terry, of the Somerset Light Infantry, was drowned at Whitands, near Devonport, yesterday.

HEAT SPOILS SEASON.

Functions Abandoned Because So Many People Have Left London.

The London season has suddenly collapsed. The heat alone is responsible for this, and the Eton and Harrow match is almost the only function where society will foregather until next year.

Many parties which had been arranged for next week and the week after have been given up owing to the number of excuses sent in, for people are leaving town for the country rapidly, although the seat of war is not over for another fortnight.

London in the West End yesterday elicited the fact that this sudden cessation of gaiety was owing chiefly to the intense heat.

Parties which have taken place lately have been but sparsely attended compared with a week or two ago, and people have contented themselves with going to one house and staying there instead of attending four or five different functions in one evening.

There are a few parties to come off next week, but for the most part people have left for the country. Among recent departures being Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala, Lord Brownlow, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Scarsdale, the Duke of Atholl, and Lord and Lady Lonsdaleborough.

NOT GOING ABROAD.

Mary Duchess of Hamilton is ill, partly through the heat; and having abandoned her ball is leaving town with her daughter almost immediately. The Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Ernest Cunard have taken advantage of the early end of the season to take rest cures before the shooting season begins.

Very few people have left for abroad, as the heat on the Continent is worse than in England, and English health resorts are being extensively patronised, while people with country places have shut up their town houses and left for the cool of the country.

Another effect of the end of the season coming so early is the abandonment of many concerts which were arranged. Many musical prodigies who were advertised to come out have been obliged to give up their concerts.

RECORD OF CRIME.

Terrific Heat Accompanied by an Abnormal Number of Tragedies.

The week's record of violent crimes is distressing, and in all quarters a connection is traced between them and the heat.

The following is a list of the tragedies:- Sunday.—Old lady murdered at Neatishead.

Monday.—Louis Klink arrested in Glasgow for killing Leah Goldberg.

Tuesday.—Seaman John Stephenson shot Mary Archer and himself in Hyde Park. Supposed love tragedy.

Tuesday.—Gunner Frederick Woodward shot Lizzie Dyer and himself in Portsmouth bar.

Wednesday.—Margaret Mulroney, farmer's wife, strangled at Midleton (Cork). Husband arrested.

Thursday.—Bridal tragedy at Peterborough. C. H. Taylor shot his wife and himself.

Thursday.—Man, supposed to be named Strongitharn, shot his wife and cut his throat at a house in Camp-Hill, Birmingham.

Woman named Lenham battered to death on the roadside near Clonmell. Husband arrested.

In addition to these there has been quite an epidemic of suicides.

Traffic is practically suspended on certain sections of the Bolton Canal, and greatly reduced freights are being carried on the Bridgewater Canal, which is far below its normal level owing to the drought.

Many corporations are reducing the water supply in very many districts. It has been impossible for anyone to have a bath.

SELF-CHOSEN TOMB.

Enthusiast Tries to Bury Himself in a Mine.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Friday.—Accustomed as Odessa has become to bloodshed and sudden death, a thrill went through the city when it became known that M. Uralsteff, the celebrated engineer, had gone mad and committed suicide.

Excitement at the political situation led to religious exultation, and Uralsteff began to imagine himself an inspired prophet, sent from Heaven to deliver Russia from her manifold miseries.

The engineer was retained by one of the largest coal-mining companies in the Donetz region, and it was in a mine that the suicide took place.

The engineer's claims were ridiculed by the managers of the company. Some told him brutally that he should go to a sanatorium for the mind. "Wait," said the infuriated engineer, "you will see a sign that Heaven regards me with especial favour. I shall never die."

Uralsteff was sent by the mine management to report upon some projected works in a long disused shaft. Hardly had ten minutes passed after his arrival when a loud rumble was heard and the workmen, running to the end of the gallery into which he had disappeared, found it blocked with great masses of stone.

No sound came from the engineer's subterranean prison. The workmen set to rescue him. All night, sweating, indomitable, they toiled with axe and shovel. But when morning broke the gallery was still blocked. A fresh gang came on the scene. All day they worked. At six in the evening a cry of triumph rang out—the pick of the foremost man had pierced the wall of the living tomb.

The workers rushed in. Crouching in a niche, pale and with a look of anguish on his face, was Uralsteff. "Stand off, fools!" he cried. "Why did you not let me die in my own way?" Before the amazed rescuers could grasp his meaning, he drew a pistol from his pocket and blew out his brains.

M. WITTE'S POSITION.

Indisposition Leads to a Statement That He Will Be Replaced.

M. Witte will leave Cherbourg for America on July 26, says Reuter. His appointment has given general satisfaction in St. Petersburg.

The "Novoye Vremya" points out that while M. Witte was a resolute opponent of the war and an ardent advocate of an understanding with Japan, he has never been in favour of a humiliating peace entailing territorial concessions and the payment of an indemnity.

"Japan should realise," the journal remarks, "that to propose humiliating conditions to a man such as M. Witte, would mean the continuation of the war at any cost."

At the same time M. Witte's health is far from satisfactory. An Exchange message states that a sensational telegram has been received in Paris from St. Petersburg stating that Count Israslsky will replace M. Witte.

NOT A HERO.

Stoessel Prohibited from Receiving Sword of Honour from Paris.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—The French committee which collected subscriptions to offer a sword of honour to General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, is in a difficulty.

The sword was duly bought and sent to Russia to be presented to the General, but the Russian authorities absolutely refused to allow the sword to be presented.

The ground of refusal was that the General is accused of very serious offences in connection with the surrender of Port Arthur, and that he is not entitled to be considered as a hero or to receive any mark of distinction.

The sword, it appears, has now been sent back to France by parcels post, and the committee is looking out for a hero who wants a sword at cost price.

OUR FRENCH NEIGHBOURS.

An enthusiastic welcome was accorded at Folkestone yesterday to the 900 excursionists who arrived from Paris on a visit organised by the "Petit Journal."

They were welcomed by Alderman Banks, who, together with several French visitors, referred with pleasure to the kindly feeling existing between the two nations.

Miss Anna L. Amendy, first assistant to Mr. Gage E. Tarbell, the second vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, draws the largest salary of any woman in the United States.

MOST UNPOPULAR MINISTER.

Cabinet Ministers Secretly Hostile to Mr. Arnold-Forster.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—The narrow majority by which the Government were able to save themselves yesterday on the Volunteer question was the subject of much eager examination in the Lobbies to-day, writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby.

An examination of the division-list proves beyond all doubt that had the Irish members been present in their ordinary strength the Government must have suffered a serious defeat, which must, of course, have inevitably resulted in their immediate resignation.

Members of the Unionist Party are asking themselves whether the time has not come when they should make it perfectly clear to the Government that Mr. Arnold-Forster's blundering at the War Office is not likely to be more damaging to the Government from a party point of view than anything else in the arena of politics at the present time.

It is pointed out, and not without some reason, that when Lord Roberts, who, rightly or wrongly, is accepted by the country as the authority on Army matters, publicly states that the Army is in a worse condition to-day than it was on the eve of the South African war, this is a most serious statement from the point of view of the tax-payers of the country, and one which the Opposition are likely to use with supreme effect when the time comes for an appeal to the country.

TIRED OF THE WAR SECRETARY.

The fact is, supporters of the Government are exceedingly tired of Mr. Arnold-Forster's regime. His personal manner is largely responsible for this. He is perhaps the most unpopular member of the Government at the present time.

Sensitive, irritable, self-assertive, the War Minister has the unhappy knack of making many enemies in the House of Commons. It is known that originally he was Mr. Chamberlain's nominee for the post, and this does not tend to improve his position in the eyes of true-blue Conservatives.

There is no use in minimising the extent of hostility that at present exists against the Minister for War, and something is done speedily he may succeed in wrecking the whole of Mr. Balfour's administration.

How else could it happen that when the annual Army statement is made the attendance should be so small that an attempt should be made to count on the House? Such an event has never before happened in the experience of the oldest Parliamentarian.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's health is by no means robust, and he may save the situation by resigning, which would surprise nobody, but one thing is certain. The Volunteer question and the whole Army question must come before the House again before the vacation, and on that occasion there will be a much more pronounced attack upon the Government from their own side than they have ever experienced before.

All Mr. Forster's career shows that he approaches the Army question in an absolutely feeble and short-sighted way, and an important section of the Cabinet is in secret sympathy with the revolt against him, this being largely due to the fact that the matter of the Volunteer circular was never laid before the Council of Ministers.

REDISTRIBUTION DOOMED.

It is rumoured to-night that the Speaker will rule that the Redistribution resolutions must be discussed line by line, and clause by clause. Should this prove true, it is practically certain that Mr. Balfour will withdraw the resolutions, appoint the Boundary Commissioners by Royal Warrant, and introduce his Bill next year as an ordinary Government measure.

The Government are greatly dissatisfied with the progress of the Scotch Education Bill, and it is practically certain now that while they will push the Scotch Church Bill through, the Education measure will share the fate of its unfortunate predecessor last year.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Stoker J. R. Webber, another of the men injured in the explosion on H.M.S. *Implacable*, died yesterday at Gibraltar.

Last night's "Gazette" recorded the appointment of Count Taro Katsuma, Japanese Prime Minister, to be an honorary member of the Civil Division of the First Class of Knights of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

During the hearing of a civil case at Murchison, says a Wellington telegram, the defendant blew himself to atoms with dynamite, and the magistrate and a police-inspector were badly injured, besides the front of the courthouse being blown out.

TRIAL OF THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

Duke of Connaught Watches "Daily Mirror" Competition.

SOME SPLENDID SHOOTING.

The first stage of the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle competition was entered upon yesterday under glorious conditions.

The Duke of Connaught, accompanied by Lord Chelmsford, president of the National Rifle Association, General Maxwell, and Colonel Ricardo, commanding of the camp, were early at the range where the *Daily Mirror* prizes were being competed for.

His Royal Highness was deeply interested in the West-Ashdown automatic rifle. He carefully examined it, and asked Mr. Griffiths, who is exhibiting the rifle, many shrewd questions.

Finally the Duke suggested that Mr. Griffiths should give an exhibition of the rifle's powers, and in the course of one minute the automatic rifle fired thirty-seven shots and made twenty-nine hits.

The superiority of the automatic rifle was strikingly demonstrated when Quartermaster-Sergeant Robinson, of the School of Musketry, fired a minute's course with a service rifle. He fired twenty rounds and made fifteen hits in a minute.

Some Famous Shots.

For the rest of the day the range officers were kept busy. "Are you ready up for the *Daily Mirror*," being the constant signal. Some excellent shooting was seen, and the spectators stood along the range, watching such famous shots as Private Ward, Queen's Prize winner in 1887 and 1890, Captain Etches, from the School of Musketry, and Sergeant-Major Wallingford, five times champion shot of the Army, who were amongst the competitors.

The conditions of the competition for yesterday were as follows:—

Open to any single competitor firing with an Automatic Rifle, or to any two competitors each firing with a magazine rifle. Weight of automatic rifle limited to 10lb. 10oz.

Aggregate value £50, given by the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror*, and divided as follows:—

First prize... Yesterday, £2, Saturday, £24
Second prize Yesterday, £8, Saturday, £22, £10
Third prize... Yesterday, £5, Saturday, £22, £10

£25 £50

Distance, 200 yards.

Target, hand and shoulder.

Number of shots, unlimited.

Entrance fee, 5s.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

1. The target will appear four times, and each appearance will be in nine seconds, with intervals of six seconds between each appearance. Each appearance will be at a different place along the length of half the distance (about 20 yards).

2. No competitor or pair of competitors can compete twice consecutively if there are any other competitors waiting to compete.

3. Each competitor must use the same description of rifle, and no competitor may shoot in more than one pair.

4. On Saturday, 22nd, the Bisley committee reserve the right to examine the order of shooting, and also to cancel special courses No. 2, either in whole or in part, without notice.

Captain Etches and his partner, Captain Lynch Stanton, did some excellent shooting, putting in twenty-six shots in the thirty-six seconds, and registering twenty-three hits. This was wonderful shooting, considering the difficulty of the target. The fact that the target was brown in colour against a sandy background made it a very severe test. Excitement was intense when Sergeant Wallingford and Robinson in twenty-nine shots recorded twenty-three hits, and tied this score.

Later in the afternoon Captain Etches and Captain Stanton put in twenty-five hits in the minute, and so headed the list of competitors again.

By three o'clock a father and son, Tippens, of the Essex Volunteers, had had six attempts, improving each time until they registered twenty-two hits.

The result of the competition, owing to the number of competitors, cannot be announced until to-day.

THE KING'S SIMPLE TASTE.

So elaborate was the luncheon menu drawn up by the Manchester Corporation that the King insisted on at least one dish being struck out. The fish course—red mullet—was therefore omitted. It was in response to the King's request, too, that the luncheon was a cold one, with the exception of three dishes.

DUCHESS AS RAILWAY GUARD.

At the opening of the Brynmawr and Western Valleys railway, in Wales, the Duke of Beaufort acted as driver and the Duchess as guard of the first train.

With a green flag her Grace signalled "Right away!" and the Duke, pulling the starting-lever, set the engine and train in motion.

During his examination in bankruptcy at Stratford yesterday, Thomas S. Woodcock swallowed some poison in court, and was removed to the hospital in a serious condition.

DRESSES AT LORD'S.

Visions of Beauty Watch the Fight Between Eton and Harrow.

Which was brightest and prettiest at Lord's yesterday, the cricket or the many dresses that fringed the enclosure with visions of delight?

While the cricket was going on, and the Harrow boys were making their Eton rivals run all over the field, this question was difficult to answer, but when the bell for lunch rang and the retreating cricketers were swamped in an inrush deluge of light blue, cream, mauve, heliotrope, pink, and all the shades that dressmakers ever imagined, there was only one reply.

It was in favour of the dresses.

Every year the dress parade at the Eton and Harrow match seems to become more fairy-like, more entrancing, and more satisfactory to the financial side of the West End modiste's business.

And that these fairy-clad forms do not intend to suffer from physical degeneracy if strawberries and cream can prevent it, was proved by the fact that every one of the 110 luncheon arbours had been appropriated for parties, and that temptingly spread tables jostled one another all round the ground.

The little sons of the Prince of Wales had announced their intention of being taken "to see the big boys play." That is one of the reasons why the big boys played so well.

"DR." BODIE'S FINE.

Medical Journal Does Not Think the Penalty Sufficiently Heavy.

"The magistrate convicted, but the amount of the fine imposed—£5 and 25s. costs—appears to us not to be commensurate with the gravity of the case."

In these words the "British Medical Journal" expresses its dissatisfaction at the penalty recently inflicted upon "Dr." Walford Bodie for using medical titles and not adding that they were American degrees. "Dr." Bodie professes to cure people on music-hall stages by mesmerism and hypnotism.

Here, says the "Medical Journal," was an unqualified person making use of the very highest degrees in surroundings where the public might easily be deceived. He held himself out to treat the incurable by more or less occult arts. It is rather surprising that the magistrate should have considered that the circumstances of this case mitigated the offence committed.

By assuming titles which he did not possess, for the purpose of imposing himself on the frequenters of music-hall, the defendant had brought an honourable profession into contempt, and the case might therefore have been deemed one for the infliction of exemplary punishment.

TRAPPED BY AN EXPLOSION

Burglar Draws a Crowd Around Him by Owing to Compressed Oxygen.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—A nineteen-year-old burglar had an exciting experience here the other day.

In spite of the fact that Bastien Lauchon makes a speciality of robbing chemists' shops, his luck was when he undertook the burgle of a chemical factory in the Rue de S. Jacques.

He was disturbed by the arrival of one of the police at the factory, and in his haste to depart, snatched a receptacle containing about 70 gallons of compressed oxygen.

The explosion shattered the factory, and Lauchon, taken for an anarchist, was caught in the Boulevard St. Germaine by the crowd that gathered.

LORD C. BERESFORD AND MATADOR.

Mr. John Ellis, M.P., has given notice to ask whether the attention of the Admiralty has been drawn to the presence of the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, with his officers, at a bull fight in Spain, at which the first bull is stated to have been killed in honour of Lord Charles Beresford, who therupon shook hands with the matador and presented him with a sum of £20.

£520 FOR A SNUFF-BOX.

At Christie's yesterday an oblong gold snuff-box, the property of the late Sir John Barran, Bart., realised £520. The lid was set with a miniature of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, and in the base is an enamel with a Nymph and Cupid.

TIME WASTED ON SHAVING.

It has been calculated, says the "British Medical Journal," that a man who lives to the age of seventy and shaves every day expends as much time in making his face smooth as would have sufficed for the learning of seven languages.

TORMENT OF REMORSE

Man Sentenced for Murder Committed 23 Years Ago.

ACCUSED BY CONSCIENCE.

That "murder will out" was once more proved at Durham Assizes yesterday, when John Appleton, aged fifty, was sentenced to death for a crime committed twenty-three years ago.

Between July 2 and 8, 1882, a man named William Ledger was murdered at Pitlochry Place, near Durham.

Ledger was a minor on tramp in search of work, and was last seen alive on July 2, 1882. On July 8 his body was found in a wayside pool of water, and it was evident from marks on it that he had been the victim of foul play.

Police efforts to discover the murderer were fruitless, and the case was forgotten until last March.

Then Appleton, who had been taken into custody at Yarmouth for some minor offence, told the whole story of the tragedy.

In company with a man named Earnshaw, who has since died, Appleton walked from Yarmouth to Newcastle in search of work. Failing to find it, they set upon Ledger on a lonely road, and knocked him down with sticks.

Safe in Prison.

They robbed him of a watch and chain, leaving his dead body where it was subsequently found, and continued their journey north. At Edinburgh they got into prison for stealing.

When they were released the search for Ledger's murderers had slackened, and they kept their secret well.

But remorse preyed upon Appleton, and the impulse to confess grew stronger as the years went on. When making his confession he stated that he had taken drink to give him courage enough to tell all he knew.

Yesterday Appleton pleaded Not Guilty, and declared that the confession made by him was untrue. He accounted for it by saying he had received a bad blow on the head thirty-five years ago, and was sometimes subject to delusions.

Counsel for the prosecution pointed out that the confession was corroborated in detail by the investigations of the police, and bore the stamp of probability, and a verdict of Guilty was returned.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAW.

Man Shoots His Wife in the Presence of His Little Ones.

The Camp Hill district of Birmingham has been the scene of a mysterious domestic tragedy, a young man named Blakemore having murdered his wife and committed suicide in the presence of his three young children.

The man, who came from Manchester, had taken lodgings, where the crime was enacted, and was preparing to move into a house. He seemed very hopeful about his prospects.

On Thursday night the household were disturbed by piercing shrieks.

The landlady and another lodger, forcing their way into Blakemore's bedroom, found that he had shot his wife and then, after putting the revolver back into its case, had cut his throat.

His young children were present at the time.

£3,000 VANISHED.

Cotton Broker's Clerk Cleverly Robbed in the Streets of Liverpool.

Six Bank of England notes, each for £500, have been lost in Liverpool under mysterious circumstances.

A clerk, in the employ of Messrs. A. J. Burton and Co., cotton brokers, after cashing a cheque for £3,000 odd at the Bank of England branch, proceeded to Parr's Bank, only a few yards away, with the intention of depositing the money there.

But when he felt in the pocket in which he had placed the notes he discovered that they had disappeared. There only remained a small sum in gold and silver, representing the balance of the amount for which the cheque was drawn.

EX-POLICEMAN'S NEW ROLE.

Charged with keeping a stable for betting purposes, an ex-policeman named James Kay was fined £40 at St. Helens yesterday. His son, for assisting him, was mulcted in £10.

FLED TO A CONVENT.

A decree nisi was granted yesterday by Mr. Justice Bagnall Deane to Mrs. Genevieve Curtis on the ground of her husband's desertion and misconduct. Mrs. Curtis had been forced to take refuge in a Johannesburg convent owing to her husband's behaviour.

SLEEP FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

Hours Allowed for Slumber Not Long Enough at Present.

The old adage that six hours' sleep is the proper quantity for a man, even for a woman, and eight for a fool is vigorously attacked in this week's "Lancet."

There seems to be a striking agreement among medical and scientific writers that at present we err on the side of deficient allowance of sleep.

The necessity of longer hours of sleep for growing children is especially insisted upon.

While no hard and fast rules can be made, since all children are not alike in their needs, a general rule is laid down as follows:—

Boys from nine to thirteen years of age should go to bed at 9.30 and breakfast at 8 a.m., thus securing ten hours' sleep. From thirteen to eighteen the growing lad should retire at ten and breakfast at 7.30, sleeping nine hours.

Lessons before breakfast are stoutly condemned, and careful attention to all cases of sleeplessness in children is urged.

The common-sense laws of health have only recently been recognised by the general body of the public.

The "Lancet" more than hints that the conservatism of the average schoolmaster, as shown by the system of education still in vogue, makes change of any kind very difficult to bring about.

Hence, it is concluded, some of our great schools are behind the times in their health arrangements.

What schools does the "Lancet" mean?

SIMPLICITY IN YACHTING.

Days of the Luxurious "Floating Palaces" Are Numbered.

Among the other charges laid against the motor-car is that it has destroyed the taste for yachting.

The season is the very worst known at Southampton for many years, says "Syren and Shipping," as practically no new boats are building.

The old floating palace seems doomed in any case, for the latest fad in steam yachts is seamanship by simplicity.

An instance is the new 1,000-ton twin-screw yacht Honore, which Baron de Forest has just put into commission at Leith.

Baron de Forest is the adopted son and heir of the late Baron Hirsch, and his new yacht is Spartan in its simplicity.

No pictures, no luxurious upholstering are to be seen, and the very electric wires, instead of hiding behind the panels, are plainly to be noticed on the surface of the mouldings.

Other yachts on the same lines are contemplated.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude Close Their Nine Years' Association.

The famous partnership between Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude, at the Haymarket Theatre, which has lasted for over nine years, comes to an end to-night.

The first venture under the partnership was "Under the Red Robe," which was an immediate success. But success has been the keynote of the Haymarket throughout its career under these two managers.

Among the most successful plays have been "The Manoeuvres of Jane," "Cousin Kate," "The Second in Command," "Frocks and Frills," and "The Barge and the Barge."

Mr. Maude says that his favourite parts have been, first, Binks, in "The Second in Command," the Sir Peter Teazle, and a close third Captain Binks, in "Beauty and the Barge."

After a short holiday Mr. Maude intends to start a provincial tour at the end of August, and hopes to open in London, possibly at the Avenue Theatre, about the end of the year.

WHAT BOOK IS THIS?

An injunction was granted yesterday on behalf of Mr. George Alexander against Messrs. Wright, book-sellers, for infringing his copyright in a book and play written by the late Oscar Wilde. The name of the book was not mentioned.

Messrs. Wright did not oppose the injunction, and had, in fact, ceased to sell the book as soon as they heard of the claim. Negotiations as to a settlement were in progress.

"NO CLASS" ON DISTRICT TRAINS.

Complaint is made that there are no first-class smoking carriages on the new Metropolitan and District electric trains.

Information has been given the *Daily Mirror*, on the best authority, that the company intends to do away with "class" altogether, and at no very distant date make all the carriages of the same type as the present so-called third-class.

LADY MACLEAN IN TEARS.

Weeps While Her Daughter Gives Evidence Against Her.

MOORISH WITNESSES.

Lady Maclean began to cry.

The jurymen looked as if they wished they were far away from that uncomfortable jury-box and such painful scenes.

Counsel, used as they are to watching the despair, misery, and every other distressing emotion of men and women, obviously would have preferred to have been sitting in the next court.

It was the third day of the Kaid Maclean divorce case, and a second daughter of the respondent had entered the witness-box to give evidence against her mother.

While her eldest daughter, Hebe, was accusing her on Thursday, Lady Maclean "bore up," and maintained her composure, but when another daughter, Nora, came to supplement the accusation the burden was too much; tears started to the mother's eyes, and she broke down.

Miss Nora Maclean, in contrast to her sister, Hebe, is a tall girl with a typical English figure. She was dressed simply and tastefully, and she dispensed with the assistance of a fan, which her sister had found so necessary.

Gift of a Moorish Steed.

She repeated what Miss Hebe Maclean had said about trips with her mother from Tangier to Gibraltar, and about the acquaintance of her mother and the other members of the family with Mr. Mortimer, the co-respondent, an officer of the "Gib" garrison.

Among her mother's presents to the young officer, she said, were a Moorish steed, and a Moorish dagger.

She wondered why her mother and Mr. Mortimer were "so often alone."

She was then asked about "Mr. G." who it is alleged, accompanied Mr. Mortimer on his visits to Tangier with the sole object of making himself agreeable to Miss Nora.

"Mr. G." paid you considerable attention?"

Mr. Barnard, K.C., queried, with a cross-examining smile.

Miss Nora admitted the soft impeachment with a frank little "Yes."

She added that her mother had given another dagger to "Mr. G." this evidently being a fashionable form of present in Tangier society.

Mr. Wilcock, who represents Mr. Mortimer, also had a delicate question to ask.

"Did you know that Mr. Mortimer was paying attentions to your sister?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "but it was only to throw dust in her eyes."

"Did you tell your mother or sister what you thought?" counsel continued.

"I did not like to," answered the young girl simply.

Just as in tragedy played on the stage, and not in a law court, "comic relief" is afforded by the entrance of some grotesque characters, so the painful tension of daughter bearing witness against weeping mother was now alleviated by a procession of weirdly-habited Moors into the witness-box.

Moors in the Witness-Box.

The first of them, Si Taher, had arrayed himself in sky-blue, which contrasted elegantly with a scarlet turban.

It was Si Taher who looked after Lady Maclean's Arab steeds, and he spoke with great volubility—through an interpreter—to seeing Mr. Mortimer in a "white night costume," which is Moorish for pyjamas.

Si Taher looked somewhat like Raisuli—he will pardon the comparison—but Adji Kabour, who followed (white costume with bronze-coloured turban) had a face which would have done credit to Othello.

Yet another Moor, who had to be carried into court because he had been taking part—shades of the *Scarlet Pimpernel*!—in an electric-car accident, was called as a witness, and was honoured by being called the "President's" picturesquie double.

The Moors gave evidence about the routine at the house at Tangier. They appeared quite happy, and evidently did not know that the Kaid had previously said in the witness-box that Moors sometimes do not tell the truth.

They had been sworn on the Koran, and all looked honest men, so that it was unnecessary to adopt the custom understood to be adopted occasionally towards witnesses in Morocco, viz., to bastinado them every ten minutes during their testimony.

The Cadi of the Divorce Court adjourned the case until Tuesday.

DANGER OF KISSING MATRONS.

At Dublin Police Court yesterday Patrick McInerney was charged with "kissing every woman he came across."

In answer to the magistrate, the policeman stated that one, a married woman, had complained, whereas a young girl "did not object at all."

The amorous prisoner was fined 10s. or a week.

BRIDAL OF DEATH.

Mystery Surrounds Tragic Death of Honeymoon Couple.

Circumstances of mystery and peculiar pathos still surround the death of Mr. C. H. Taylor, a young man of twenty-two, and his bride, aged nineteen, who were found dead in lodgings at Peterborough on Thursday, two days after a joyous wedding.

Taylor was a native of York and had engaged successfully in several businesses at Lowestoft, where he met his wife, who was employed at one of the large establishments in the place.

The festivities after the wedding were of a most joyous description, and when the young people arrived at Peterborough and engaged lodgings in Russell-street it was noticed that they were devoted to one another.

Mrs. Taylor retired to rest early on Wednesday night. Her husband stayed up late reading and smoking.

Early in the morning P.C. Carter heard a sound of shooting, and rushing to the house found the bedroom door barricaded with a chain.

Pushing his way in he discovered the young wife dead. The husband was barely alive, and was swaying his arms about frantically.

Amongst the letters found on the wife was one from her brother:—

I do earnestly hope that the step you are taking will prove to the happiness of your husband and yourself, and that you will try to make each other happy.

An aunt wrote:—

Both of you will become members of the same church. Deeply sorry I shall not see you intended before you are married.

Only 4s. was found in the pockets of the dead man's clothes.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Murder and suicide was returned against the husband.

AUTOMATIC MAN.

"Enigmarelle" Unmoved by the Ordeal of a Police Court Fine.

Waiting patiently in his motor-car, Enigmarelle, the mechanical man from the Hippodrome, preserved his usual calm demeanour while Mr. Trustsell and Mr. Garlick, his "employers," were each fined 40s. and 2s. costs at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday for obstructing the traffic."

It was alleged that a crowd of about six thousand people had assembled on the 3rd inst. in Shaftesbury-avenue when Enigmarelle took his walk abroad.

With the exception of his motor-car jaunt to Marlborough-street to-day, where he probably expected to be called as a witness, Enigmarelle has been obliged to keep to his rooms.

But he appears to be in excellent health and, though not sunburnt, is by no means pale.

STRANGE MEETING INCIDENT

Extraordinary Evidence of the Mysterious Double Tragedy in Hyde Park.

The strange double tragedy in Hyde Park, where the bodies of a sailor named Stephenson and a young girl, named Mary Archer, were found early last Wednesday morning, still remains a mystery, in spite of a coroner's inquiry yesterday.

The jury decided that the man had fired the fatal shot, but doubt was cast on this theory by Dr. Freyberger, who said post-mortem appearances make it look as if the woman shot the man and then shot herself.

The story of the first meeting of these two people, as told by the dead man to his sister, is also a singular one.

Last Sunday, said Stephenson, whilst I was at Waterloo waiting for my train, resting my head in hands and feeling very sad, a girl came up to me and laughed. I said "It is nothing to laugh at."

Then just as I was getting into my train she put her hands round my neck and kissed me. I gave her my address, but I haven't heard from her all the week."

Apparently he heard later, though the reason for the tragic ending to this curious love story will never be revealed.

A POPULAR MAGAZINE.

The experiment of printing a section of the "London" Magazine in colour has proved a popular result that it is continued in the July number, a series of delightful pictures of stage beauties being the subject so treated. In this number also appears the first instalment of a new serial romance, "The Love-Stone," by Alice and Claude Askew, two writers whose novel, "The Shuhamine," was one of the most striking of last year's works of fiction.

Mr. Max Pemberton, Miss Winifred Graham, Mrs. E. Nesbit, and other well-known writers all contribute to the current number of this popular magazine.

LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Amorous Farmer Pays £40 for Writing Childish Letters.

WOOING IN HASTE.

Is me wicked for not writing yesterday? Does you want to be married? Of course, 'do do. 'Do are a pretty, sweet darling, and me does love 'mo more than 'oo thinks.

During their brief engagement Mr. John Butlin, a poultry farmer of Sunbury-on-Thames, sent this touching letter to Miss Laura Tomkins, a young lady living in West Hartlepool.

But unfortunately his ardour cooled, and at the Durham Assizes yesterday Miss Tomkins brought an action for breach of promise against him. Possibly affected by the fact that this and other love-letters could be read in court, Mr. Butlin did not defend the case, and the young lady was awarded £40 damages.

It was a holiday trip of Miss Tomkins that led to her acquaintance with the poultry farmer. While she was visiting some friends at Sunbury-on-Thames in July, 1903, Mr. Butlin wrote to her hostess asking for an introduction, to which Miss Tomkins had no objection.

VERY HASTY WOOLIN.

Mr. Butlin failed to see her before she went home, but, nothing daunted, he wrote to her in the following January, saying he had seen her photograph, and adding: "I will send you one of myself that was taken in khaki before I went to South Africa. Another one makes me look like a w***e. I am not at all nice-looking, but rather ugly."

He followed this up, said Mr. Luck, the plaintiff's counsel, by practically inviting himself to the house of Mr. Tomkins. He gave the young lady who was only nineteen at the time a gold bangle, and a day or two later proposed marriage.

With the consent of Miss Tomkins' father they became engaged, within a few days of their first meeting. Then this rapid wooer commenced an extremely affectionate correspondence. On February 9 he wrote:—

"My Own Lovely Darling—I am only finding out how much I love you. We do understand one another, and nothing shall keep us apart. I am coming to Whitsunide, you loveliest of loves."

WANTED AFFECTIONATE LETTERS.

In his next letter he asked her to write him a letter "a beautiful letter"—and fill it up with "darning" and "sweethearts." In a further letter he spoke about her beauty. Fanciful enough to put a capital F because her face was so available.

There was another letter, in which he said he was looking forward to their marriage so that she could help him by looking after the children in cubicles. Shortly afterwards he sent her a bicycle.

Then came a sudden change in the tone of his letters. In May he wrote breaking off the engagement, saying that he found he did not care for her as much as he thought he did, and his father opposed the marriage.

After Miss Tomkins had given evidence,

Mr. Justice Jell told the jury he did not think either of the parties had acted very wisely, but it was not what could be called a cruel case.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

A Source of Helpful Information to All Holiday-Seekers.

Everyone has a different idea as to the best place in which to spend a holiday. Many want advice on the subject, and it is one on which no one individual is able to give a definite decision, for the simple reason that it is almost impossible to gauge exactly another individual's tastes, and without being able to do that it is impossible to decide.

The most satisfactory method—and the one adopted by the "Daily Mirror" Holiday Resort Guide—is to collect all the real holiday information about the various places, then all can decide for themselves the places that would suit them most. This has been done in a very satisfactory manner in the excellent threepenny publication referred to.

THE TRUNK TRAGEDY.

An eminent mental specialist has been instructed to make an examination into the mental condition of the man Devereux, who is charged with murdering his wife and twin children.

The examination will probably take place on Monday.

MERCIFUL EMPLOYER.

Mr. George Cross, timber merchant, of Edmonton, was moved to tears when at Wood Green yesterday he prosecuted Reginald Grosvenor, a clerk, for taking £10 which did not belong to him.

Although the robbed employer begged for him to be let off, the magistrate sentenced Grosvenor to a month's hard labour.

VANISHING HORSE.

How the Motor-Omnibus Is Conquering London Traffic Problem.

A remarkable increase is taking place in the number of motor-omnibuses in the London streets.

At the beginning of this year there were only three motor-omnibus routes in London—viz., Marble Arch to Cricklewood, Oxford-circus to Peckham, and Oxford-circus to Hammersmith.

At the present time over a dozen companies are operating these vehicles.

The following will give some idea of the great development that has taken place during the past six months:—

T. Tilling, Limited.—Peckham and Oxford-circus.

London Motor-Omnibus Company.—Law Courts and Brondesbury Station.

London General Omnibus Company.—Hammer-smith and Oxford-circus (via Kensington-road).

London Road-Car Company.—Hammersmith and Oxford-circus (round Shepherd's Bush); Hammer-smith and Victoria Station.

Other Companies.—Peckham to Oxford-circus; Peckham to Finchley; Oxford-circus and Brixton Hill.

There are now seventy-five motor-omnibuses running in London, and about twenty-five more are nearly ready for use.

The "Vanguard" motor-omnibuses on the route between the Law Courts and Brondesbury have sometimes realised as much as £60 a week on a single vehicle. A horse omnibus never takes more than £16 a week.

The average daily run for a horse omnibus is seventy-five miles, but a motor will do about 110.

"CINGALEE" CASE SETTLED.

Captain Fraser To Be Paid £2,000 for His Claim on Mr. George Edwardes.

The long litigation in regard to "The Cingalee" came to an end in the Appeal Court yesterday.

It will be remembered that Captain F. J. Fraser, of the Indian Army, claimed an injunction to restrain Mr. George Edwardes, the well-known theatrical manager from continuing to present "The Cingalee" at Daly's Theatre, or from producing it elsewhere, on the ground that the play was an infringement of the plaintiff's sole right in a play which he had written and which had not been published, called "The Hanjiah; or the Lotus Girl."

In this action he was awarded £3,000 damages, and Mr. Edwardes appealed.

Yesterday it was announced that the parties consented that Captain Fraser should be paid £2,000 to settle the litigation, all imputations being withdrawn and all claims discharged.

OLD MASTER AS ASSET.

Paul Veronese in Possession of Ex-Consul Ruined by Son's Extravagance.

Among the assets of Mr. John Rendall, who was examined in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, is a picture by Paul Veronese, entitled "Introduction of Columbus to the Gods of Olympus."

The picture, which was a legacy, is now on loan at the Peckham Free Library.

Mr. Rendall, who was once Vice-Consul of the Cape Verde Islands, attributes his financial embarrassment to paying the debts of his son, amounting to £6,000 or £7,000.

The statement of affairs shows that a surplus of over £2,000 is expected to be realised.

CHILD IN WICKER CAGE.

Coroner on Difficulties of Working Wives Who Cannot Afford Servants.

"It is very difficult for poor people, who cannot afford to keep a servant, to look after their children sufficiently to keep them out of mischief."

So said Dr. Waldo yesterday when conducting an inquest on the body of Kate Florence Gourley, three years of age, who, when her mother's back was turned, climbed out on to the window-sill and fell a distance of forty-five feet.

The coroner remarked that he knew of one mother who had a large wicker cage made, and used to lock up her child in it when she was busy.

For the Holidays.

A bright companion will be found in the JULY "LONDON" MAGAZINE, which teems with interest on every page. Special articles, with exquisite photographs and pictures (many in colours) make it one of the most charming numbers ever issued.

ON SALE TO-DAY. 4½d.

ETON OUTPLAY HARROW AT LORD'S.

After a Good Start the Harrovians Fail Before Methuen and Hatfield.

WICKET TOO FAST.

By F. B. WILSON

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

Winning the toss, a great step in a long-drawn two days' match, did Harrow but little good yesterday, for, despite an excellent start by Bird and Brandt, the whole side was shot out for 199.

There was absolutely no reason for this mediocre score other than the fact that the Harrow people never get a wicket anything like the pace of Lord's, owing to the clay under the Sixth Form ground, through which it is almost impossible for rain to filter.

Bird and Brandt opened for Harrow on a wicket as plumb as a billiard-table. The cricket was interesting and full of incident, runs coming at a good pace, especially from Bird. Bird is a fine player of the dashing type, some of his off shots being brilliant in the extreme, especially a slashing drive between cover and extra.

HARROW BEAMING.

Brandt was lucky, and frightened the Harrow contingent with a number of uppish shots which only just failed to go to hand. There seemed to be little very dreadful in the bowling; however; Hatfield, who bowled to go with his arm, and who, therefore, could get no one out leg-before off a good-length ball, being the best of the Eton Performers with the leather.

With 61 runs on the board there was delight on Harrow faces when the first wicket fell. Bird, who had played delightful cricket, and seemed to be well set, misjudging a slow-topping full-pitch, which was almost a Yorker 61-1-36.

Followed Elbarto and a useful stand. Both plodded along, and the 100 was reached amidst great applause without further loss. Disaster then followed, however: Brandt (45), Elbarto (10), and Crake, the Harrow captain (2) all went out at 125. Baker and Reumert put on just 20 before the former was caught high up right hand by Gold, the best field of the side, for 22. The catch should have been an easier one, however, for Gold ran in instead of going back.

BAKER'S GOOD SHOTS.

Baker made some fine shots during his knock, including a fine off-drive and a good push to the on.

With the brothers Reumert together some good running and good cricket were seen, but in the end C. Reumert was run out in the stupidest manner. His brother called him for a short run, and remained in his crease, C. Reumert being easily run out while half-way between the wickets. T. Reumert was bowled by the last ball before lunch, a slow one that might have been punched with advantage.

After the interval the innings lasted but a few minutes, Pike and Watson being bowled by Hatfield, the effort closing for 199.

Of the Eton bowlers, Hatfield and Methuen were easily the best. Both bowled a good, steady length throughout, though there seemed little in their stuff on a very perfect wicket. The fielding, though keen, was never brilliant, with the exception of Gold, who was very good at cover-point, and Tufnell, who kept wicket extremely well.

HATFIELD UNCOMFORTABLE.

Eton started their first innings at about 3.15 with Astor and H. S. Hatfield. Astor, who showed the same absence of nerves as he did at Queen's, when he won the Public Schools Racquets, played confidently and well from the start, being especially strong in pushing the ball on the leg-peg round to square.

Without a run being scored, Hatfield should have been easily caught at short-slip off Morris, to whom he was very uncomfortable. It was not till 43, however, that the first wicket fell, Hatfield being leg-before to the same bowler for 11.

C. Reumert came on for Pike, and having bowled

(Continued on page 14.)

6

pages — The London "Evening News," which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Claimants for the Dunmow flitch next Wednesday include an elderly clergyman of the Church of England, who has been married for over half a century, and a young London workman and his wife.

Newport shipping clerks have this summer taken to hay-making at nights by way of exercise.

Two deaf mutes were married at Haworth (Yorkshire) parish church, the service being interpreted in the finger and sign language.

Sir John Barran, Bart., of Chapel Allerton Hall, Leeds, probate of whose will was granted yesterday, left an estate of the gross value of £408,948.

Burnley Fair holidays began yesterday, when an exodus of sixty thousand people commenced. It is estimated that they will spend over £100,000 before next Saturday.

In a thick fog the Brighton, a Bristol Channel pleasure steamer, ran ashore on the Cherrystones, Mumbles, yesterday. All the passengers were safely landed, but the vessel floated.

Almost within a stone's-throw of the Abbey, the new monastery of the Cowley Fathers, erected at Westminster, is to be opened next Thursday, when the foundation stone of the monastic chapel will be laid.

Greenwich has been transformed into a kind of sea-side town now that the London County Council steamboat service is in full swing. Thousands of visitors run down every day, with the result that the hotels and parks are at present enjoying a patronage unknown to them for years.

Great enthusiasm was evoked at the Baptist World Congress in Exeter Hall yesterday when a telegram was read from King Edward, in which his Majesty thanked the ministers and delegates for the message from the congress to himself and the Queen.

Alderman Stephens, Mayor of Salford, is to receive from his Majesty the honour of knighthood.

Stamps used at Cardiff Town Hall are now perforated with a neat representation of the borough coat-of-arms.

Over £20,000 a year from pupils alone is received by the Guildhall School of Music, which has 124 professors and no fewer than eighty-four pianos.

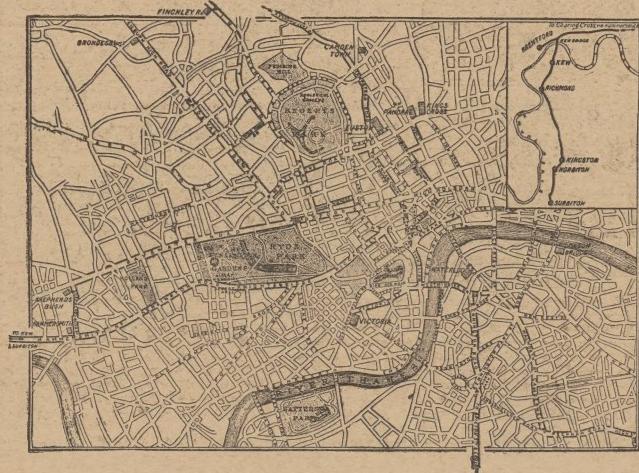
Knocked down during the royal procession in Streatham on Thursday, Police-constable Crebbin succumbed to his injuries in Manchester Infirmary yesterday.

Believed to have been Ireland's oldest Freemason, Mr. Samuel Weir died at Belfast aged ninety. For sixty-six years he was an Orangeman, and for two decades a poor-law guardian.

With a bottle containing laudanum beside her, a lady was found lying prostrate across the grave of a late vicar at the South Derbyshire village of Newhall yesterday. She was identified as his widow.

Mr. Balfour yesterday informed Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., that he considers it hardly practicable to communicate with foreign Governments with a view to abolishing the use of submarine vessels for the purposes of war.

HOW MOTORS ARE SUPERSEDING HORSES IN LONDON.



The map shows the number of routes in London on which motor-omnibus services are already established. Every day the number of motors in use is increased.—(By permission of "Motoring, Illustrated.")

Partially restored, the historic cathedral on the Island of Iona was opened for public worship yesterday with a befitting ceremony.

"It is the duty of a wife to make her husband as comfortable as she can, even if he is out of work," said a magistrate to a woman at West Ham Police Court yesterday.

Five hundred pickers in ten hours gathered sufficient strawberries to fill twenty-seven vans at a Wrexham fruit farm. A motor-car took 300 bunches Liverpool before noon.

Having a jurymen in excess of the required number at St. Pancras Coroner's Court yesterday, Mr. Walter Schroeder said that one could leave if he desired. Strange to say, all of them preferred to remain.

Sir Nigel Kingscote and Sir William Carington respectively represented King Edward and the Prince of Wales at a memorial service held at St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday, for Sir Jacob Wilson, K.C.V.O. Prince Christian was also present.

Erected by the grateful French colony in London to the memory of the late Dr. Achille Vintras, a bust was unveiled in the hall of the French Hospital in Shaftesbury-avenue by M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, yesterday. Dr. Vintras was one of the founders of the institution.

At Kent Assizes yesterday the man Benali was found guilty in the case in which an Algerian was murdered at Tenterden, and Frank Salem was acquitted.

Find for street betting at West Bromwich, a man named Morris pleaded that he had a large family to keep, and took to bookmaking in his spare time.

Eluding the warders, a Borstal convict made a successful dash for liberty, and enjoyed a short spell of freedom until discovered among the long grass in a neighbouring wood.

Unmarried and aged eighty-three, Mr. Black, of Penton House, Langholm, a wealthy "border land" and member of a great engineering firm at Newcastle, died yesterday at his residence.

Birmingham members of the United Irish League passed a resolution yesterday protesting against the Redistribution proposals, and calling upon the Irish members of Parliament to resist this further infringement of the rights of the Irish people.

From Australia there reached the Edinburgh Post Office a letter, the address of which was simply "Frank-place, Scotland." But there was not an hour's delay. A Border man in the office said at once: "That's in Hawick," and the missive was delivered by first post.

IMPROVEMENT IN GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

Confidence in Cheap Money Prospects and Political Peace.

CONSOLS LEAD THE WAY.

CAFE COURT, Friday Evening.—The gilt-edged improvement is maintained. There is every show of confidence on the prolonged cheap money prospects and the political settlements. The situation is quite different, the dealers argue, from that of a few weeks ago. So prices mount upwards, in spite of new issue expectations. Consols, for instance, have gone up to 90*£*, and all the leading gilt-edged stocks are following them.

There is, in fact, quite a reasonable show of optimism all round, with the exception of Kaffirs, where the public do nothing. Generally speaking brokers report some slackening in investment business to-day, but speak hopefully of the future. The East Indian Railway Three per Cent. Debenture issue is out at 92.

Home Rails have shaken off their dividend fears. The investors are nibbling at the prior charges and other of the highest class of stock. Metropolis, however, show some weakness at 91, and some of the pessimists predict a fair reduction in the dividend in this case.

AMERICAN FLAT-CATCHING RUSE.

The wirepullers seem to be steadily at work in American Rails. In spite of New York sending over less confident prices, nearly all leading counters except Steels were put better here. The market finished not quite so good as it had been, and certainly London brokers are very chary about advising their clients to buy Americans, being for the most part of opinion that the movement is an artificial one, merely engineered as a flat-catching operation. Southern Pacifics are the closing feature.

Foreign Rails have again been a feature. It is indeed quite a daily story, and there is no getting away from it.

The various Stock Exchanges seem in holiday mood. Paris was closed to-day, and will be closed to-morrow. Manchester had a holiday yesterday, and Glasgow has one to-morrow. London, they say, is to have one to-morrow week. Though Paris was closed, most Paris favourite stocks were better. There was a better tendency for Russians, in spite of the rumour, since contradicted, that M. de Witte is not enthusiastic over his appointment as peace commissioner.

JAPANESE BUOYANCY.

Japanese descriptions were firmer all round. In fact, there was quite buoyancy in them as a result of the loan success. They put the new scrip up to 1 7-16, and the older one to 32 premium. Quite a big business was done, too, in the 6 per cent. Internal Exchequer bonds, which are relatively so much cheaper than the older issues, and in seven years' time must be repaid at "par." They improved to 94*£*.

There being no public to keep the Kaffir market up, prices were a little inclined to give way. The "bears" had another onslaught, but covered quickly at the close, which was firm. There was a rather less satisfactory tendency in the West African market, but Egyptians and West Africans seemed to be a little better. In the former group it was due to "shop" support. In the latter group it was chiefly some of the lower priced things like Effuentas and Fanzit Consols which were supported. There is another record Rhodesian gold output—35,256 ounces.

The prospectus will be issued early next week of the "Otto" Electrical Manufacturing Co. (1905), Ltd. The company, which will have a share capital of £75,000, has been formed to acquire and extend the business of the manufacture and sale of the "Otto" Arc Lamp—a new type of lamp, which it is expected will revolutionise the arc lamp trade.

The lamp has been tested by the Faraday House Institute. The promoters have agreed that no dividend should be paid on 15,000 shares, which they receive as part of the purchase price, until 100 per cent. of the company's capital has been earned in profits.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VENEZUELAN RAILS (F. S.): Speculative, but the market expects general improvement.—LEOPOLDINAS (W. L.): Hopetul.—LAGUNAS SYNDICATES (Casual): Fair.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

C OMPTON Place, Eastbourne, where the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining the King this week-end, is not a very large place, but is extremely pleasant in warm weather. The grounds are delightful at this time of the year, and they are quite secluded from the public. The Duchess of Devonshire is particularly fond of Compton Place, and goes there as often as she can during the summer months. The peace and quiet of the stay will certainly be a welcome change to the King after his busy journey in the north.

Early next month the Duke and Duchess will receive their usual shooting-party at Bolton Abbey for the Twelfth of August. Amongst the guests invited are Lord de Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. Harry Stonor, and one or two others who go regularly every August to shoot over the Duke's famous moors. In all probability the Prince of Wales will be there, too.

The heat wave which has been sweeping over Europe, and has now broken over England, is filling all the watering-places and seaside towns in

left Paris or Vienna. The Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who is staying with the Duchess of Somerset in London, has a most beautifully-situated house about thirty miles north of Prague. It stands on the top of a hill covered with pines, and has a view of the whole valley of the Elbe before it. Here the Princess spends the summer months in painting in her pretty studio, and in playing lawn tennis in the evenings.

* * *

The Princess, who is a most unaffected and kind-hearted woman, has the honour of being the wife of a man who had a reputation once as the greatest dandy in the world. Prince Albert of Thurn is, in his very youthful days, to wear a new suit twice, in fact, which makes the generally accepted story that King Edward never wears a pair of gloves more than once seem quite commonplace. The sum paid for these suits was £3,000 a year. A thousand neckties a year and 200 pairs of boots scarcely sufficed for him, and his cigarette bill, so it is said, amounted to £200 a year.

* * *

The Princess of Monaco, with her son, the Duke of Richelieu, is also coming to England next week

match will take place, whilst the Duchess of Northumberland is to give a big garden-party at Syon House, near Brentford. Special trams have been engaged to take the guests backwards and forwards from Hammersmith to Syon Park Gate.

* * *

Lord Grenfell will entertain a bachelor party at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, for the horse show week. He has especially invited a team of polo players over, and some first-class matches will be seen on the Phoenix Park polo ground. Before then, however, Lord Grenfell, accompanied by his military secretary, Major St. Aubyn, will go to Harrogate for a course of the waters.

* * *

There is a possibility that next year Mrs. Potter Palmer may take a house of her own in London, as she has been so delighted with the present season. It may be remembered that she rented Hamden House, Green-street, from the Duke of Abercorn for a few months, but her tenancy will soon be up, and she will return to Paris. Mrs. Potter Palmer is an exceedingly clever woman, wonderfully well read. She was one of the very few women who were especially invited to be on the council of the St. Louis Exhibition. She is very handsome, with beautiful grey hair, and she possesses some most magnificent jewels.

* * *

People are not to be envied who are forced to be in Paris during the celebrations of the Fourteenth of July, which marks the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Of all public holidays this is generally the most rowdy. It is nearly always very hot in the streets free performances are given at all the theatres; tumult and crowds make the streets hideous. And, after all the fete has lost a little of its significance after so many years. When the Bastille was taken it was supposed to be full of oppressed and tortured prisoners, and the early legends of the Revolution represented its ruin as marking the new birth of Liberty.

* * *

Als! you do not introduce Liberty into a country by knocking one of its fortresses down. And as to the oppressed found there on that famous Fourteenth of July, they consisted of two or three old gentlemen who seem to have appreciated their quiet stay in the building immensely, since one of them begged to be allowed to stay there, and seemed horribly distressed at the thought of liberty, with its accompaniment of poverty and homelessness.

* * *

Prince and Princess Bathory will stay in London for a few weeks longer, and then go to Cowes for the Regatta fortnight. They will afterwards go on to Homburg before returning to their beautiful place in Hungary.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Paul Deroulede.

H E has been in exile from fair France ever since that notable day in February, 1899,

the day of Felix Faure's funeral, when he seized the bride of General Roget's horse and incited him with fiery words to march on the Elysée. At last it was understood that the Amnesty Bill, which has been before the French Chamber for some time, would bring him forgive-nce and return.

Unfortunately the amnesty was quashed in its budding stage. Malediction and farewell banquet—the like surely party of welcome to his friends in Paris—all turned to ashes in the sight of M. Deroulede. What was to be done?

He is saved, however, after all. The Government have issued a special decree of pardon for him and his friends, and he leaves his place of exile in peace.

The most fiery, the most irrepressible of Nationalists, his patriotism is of a particularly explosive kind, and shows itself too often in violent hostility towards other French citizens less militant, but no less patriotic than he.

But it has shown itself also in deeds which will live in the minds of Frenchmen—in deeds like his enlistment amongst the common soldiers during the war of 1870. "The knapsack is a heavy load to carry," said his colonel on that occasion, looking dubiously at him. "Not as heavy as shame"—Deroulede's reply was in the grand manner, and he meant it.

He is violent in everything—in his love for France, his hatred for England, his hatred of the actual constitution of the Republic. But his is a noble violence, and in pardoning him France has only taken an erring child back to her heart again.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 14.—The gardener can rest in July and enjoy the fruits of his labour.

There is little work to be done now. How delightful idle evening hours are, spent in the scented depths of the rose-garden or where the gorgeous blooms of summer hang over winding paths and emerald lawns!

In half shade nrocks the beautiful golden-yellow flowers of the St. John's Wort are now to be seen. There are several varieties of this popular plant, the strong-growing shrubby forms being very useful for planting among powerful trees. E. F. T.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.

HOPE FOR IRELAND.

WHAT the "Independent Orange Order of Ireland" may be is not quite clear. Orangemen we know. Their idea of independence is shouting, "To Hell with the Pope." The "Independent Order" is evidently far in advance of that. Indeed, they appear from the manifesto they have just issued to be the most sensible people in all Ireland.

They have come to the conclusion that it is very foolish for Irish Protestants and Irish Roman Catholics to devote all their energies to abusing one another instead of working together like wise men for the good of their country.

Ireland, they see, will never get anything done for her by either of the two English parties unless it happens to suit their tactics of the moment. The Liberals, it is true, took up Home Rule, but that was only in order to dish the Conservatives. The Conservatives gave Ireland a scheme of Land Purchase, but for no other reason than that it seemed a useful party move.

Both sides in the House of Commons regard Ireland merely as a pawn in the game they are playing. That is just how they regard also the Unemployed, the Income Tax, Redistribution, Fiscal Policy, the Army, and the Volunteers.

Mr. Parnell saw that the only hope for Ireland was to found a party independent of Whigs and Tories. He did it, too, but when his strong hand was taken away, the party fell to pieces.

Now perhaps a stronger party than Mr. Parnell's may be on the eve of birth. The most solid and the most cultivated element both in the North and in the South can, if they only decide to work together, do more for Ireland in five years than will be done in fifty if things remain as they are. B. R.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Wear light clothing—light both in texture and in hue.

Avoid tight clothing; have plenty of room and ventilation.

Eat less than usual and vary your diet from the ordinary.

Little meat, scarcely any fat; not much sugar or starchy foods.

Plenty of salad, plenty of vegetables, plenty of fruit.

No alcohol until your day's work is over; very little then.

Lots of water, sipped quietly, not drunk off in long draughts.

Very little ice; very few ices—none if you have a weak digestion.

Drink hot tea or coffee if you want something that will really cool you.

Walk on the shady side of the road; don't hurry, and, above all, DON'T WORRY. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Success and happiness are only to be had in giving up our own will.—General Gordon.

THE DIFFICULTY OF "WHERE TO GO."



(1) Once upon a time Englishmen used to take their holidays, when they had any, at home and thoroughly enjoyed them. (2) Next came the difficulty of deciding which part of England to go to. (3) Then the Continent was opened up to tourists, and the choice became more complicated. (4) Now, with the whole world offering him holiday tours, the holiday-maker's situation has become positively desperate.

Europe. Nearly all the royalties have begun their summer "cures." The King of Greece is at Aix-les-Bains, that most beautiful of all summer towns, by the waters of Lac Bourget. Hundreds of well-known English people, so I hear from a correspondent, are there too—Lord Revelstoke, Lady Cawdor, and General Sir Rupert Hay amongst others. Of other royalties, the Emperor of Austria is at Ischl; the Queen of Holland and her husband at Vev Loo; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria at Marienbad; the King of Saxony in the Austrian Tyrol.

It is tantalising, undoubtedly, to read of the refreshing days spent by these illustrious personages while the mass of men continue to toil in cities. What, for instance, could be more eloquent than these simple words which I read in the social announcements of several papers yesterday: "Lord Balfour of Burleigh has left for a few weeks' stay in Iceland." Iceland—an excellent choice. But to read of that "few weeks' stay" is like seeing a man imbibing cool spring water while you yourself are parched with the thirsts of the desert.

A good many distinguished foreigners are visiting London just at present. The season here lasts so long that those who care to do so may enjoy a kind of second spell of gaiety after everyone has

for a short stay. She is an American, the daughter of a well-known banker, Mr. Michael Heine, of New Orleans. Her second marriage with Prince Albert of Monaco was a very unhappy one, and it was dissolved in 1902, after the Princess had fled from her husband's house and taken refuge with her friend, the Queen of the Belgians. The Prince of Monaco has certainly not found marriage a success, since his first union with a daughter of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton ended also in a divorce.

The Prince does not appear, indeed, to be very easy to get on with. He ought to be the best-tempered of men, however, if luck, if the proverbial silver spoon, could make a man so. He is lord of the Casino at Monte Carlo, and for his permission to run that place, which savours of sulphur and the cloven heel, the Casino authorities pay him £50,000 a year. Every year, moreover, as the capital of the company increases, the Prince's bush-money—for such it really is—increases, too; and his son, who is now about thirty-five, is therefore heir to one of the biggest fortunes in Europe.

There is a good deal going on to-day in the social world. Many people are going down to Ranelagh, when the Polo Pony Gymkhana takes place, and at five o'clock there is to be a lady's polo match. At Hurlingham, too, the County Cup final

match will take place, whilst the Duchess of Northumberland is to give a big garden-party at Syon House, near Brentford. Special trams have been engaged to take the guests backwards and forwards from Hammersmith to Syon Park Gate.

* * *

Lord Grenfell will entertain a bachelor party at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, for the horse show week. He has especially invited a team of polo players over, and some first-class matches will be seen on the Phoenix Park polo ground. Before then, however, Lord Grenfell, accompanied by his military secretary, Major St. Aubyn, will go to Harrogate for a course of the waters.

* * *

There is a possibility that next year Mrs. Potter Palmer may take a house of her own in London, as she has been so delighted with the present season. It may be remembered that she rented Hamden House, Green-street, from the Duke of Abercorn for a few months, but her tenancy will soon be up, and she will return to Paris. Mrs. Potter Palmer is an exceedingly clever woman, wonderfully well read. She was one of the very few women who were especially invited to be on the council of the St. Louis Exhibition. She is very handsome, with beautiful grey hair, and she possesses some most magnificent jewels.

* * *

People are not to be envied who are forced to be in Paris during the celebrations of the Fourteenth of July, which marks the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Of all public holidays this is generally the most rowdy. It is nearly always very hot in the streets free performances are given at all the theatres; tumult and crowds make the streets hideous. And, after all the fete has lost a little of its significance after so many years. When the Bastille was taken it was supposed to be full of oppressed and tortured prisoners, and the early legends of the Revolution represented its ruin as marking the new birth of Liberty.

* * *

Als! you do not introduce Liberty into a country by knocking one of its fortresses down. And as to the oppressed found there on that famous Fourteenth of July, they consisted of two or three old gentlemen who seem to have appreciated their quiet stay in the building immensely, since one of them begged to be allowed to stay there, and seemed horribly distressed at the thought of liberty, with its accompaniment of poverty and homelessness.

* * *

Prince and Princess Bathory will stay in London for a few weeks longer, and then go to Cowes for the Regatta fortnight. They will afterwards go on to Homburg before returning to their beautiful place in Hungary.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Paul Deroulede.

H E has been in exile from fair France ever since that notable day in February, 1899,

the day of Felix Faure's funeral, when he seized the bride of General Roget's horse and incited him with fiery words to march on the Elysée. At last it was understood that the Amnesty Bill, which has been before the French Chamber for some time, would bring him forgive-nce and return.

Unfortunately the amnesty was quashed in its budding stage. Malediction and farewell banquet—the like surely party of welcome to his friends in Paris—all turned to ashes in the sight of M. Deroulede. What was to be done?

He is saved, however, after all. The Government have issued a special decree of pardon for him and his friends, and he leaves his place of exile in peace.

The most fiery, the most irrepressible of Nationalists, his patriotism is of a particularly explosive kind, and shows itself too often in violent hostility towards other French citizens less militant, but no less patriotic than he.

But it has shown itself also in deeds which will live in the minds of Frenchmen—in deeds like his enlistment amongst the common soldiers during the war of 1870. "The knapsack is a heavy load to carry," said his colonel on that occasion, looking dubiously at him. "Not as heavy as shame"—Deroulede's reply was in the grand manner, and he meant it.

He is violent in everything—in his love for France, his hatred for England, his hatred of the actual constitution of the Republic. But his is a noble violence, and in pardoning him France has only taken an erring child back to her heart again.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 14.—The gardener can rest in July and enjoy the fruits of his labour.

There is little work to be done now. How delightful idle evening hours are, spent in the scented depths of the rose-garden or where the gorgeous blooms of summer hang over winding paths and emerald lawns!

In half shade nrocks the beautiful golden-yellow flowers of the St. John's Wort are now to be seen. There are several varieties of this popular plant, the strong-growing shrubby forms being very useful for planting among powerful trees. E. F. T.



The World's News PICTURED



ROYAL VISIT TO THE NORMAL BLIND SCHOOL.



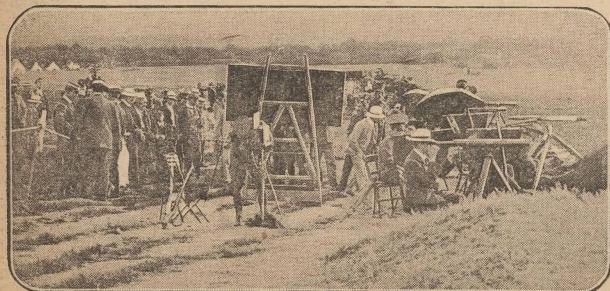
The Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Normal School for the Blind at Norwood for the prize distribution. Inset is a snapshot portrait taken in the grounds of Dr. E. J. Campbell, the blind principal of the college.

BRITISH FLEET AT BREST.



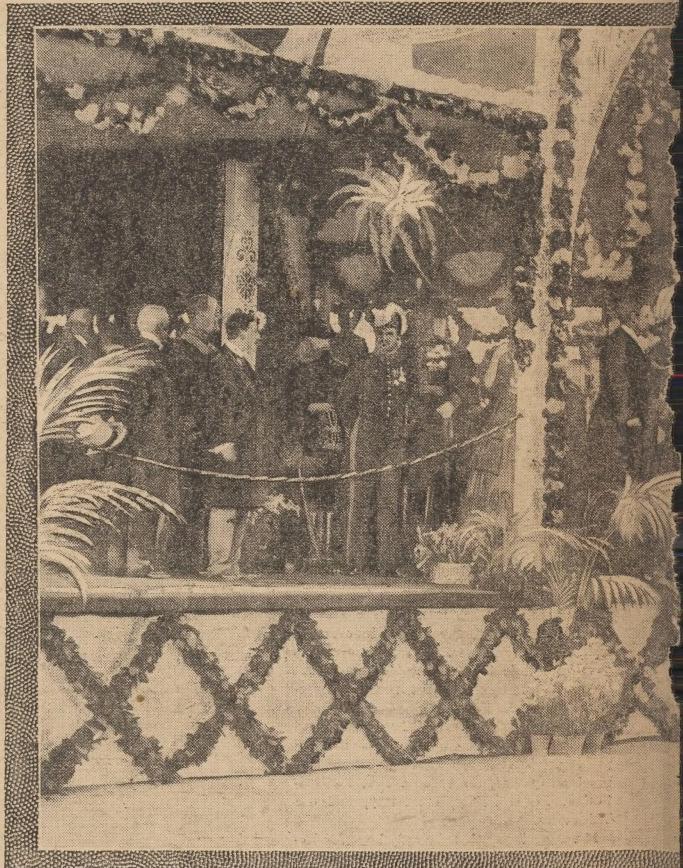
On the landing stage. English ladies visiting the French port for the naval festivities waiting for the coming ashore of their friends among the officers of the British battleships. The weather has been brilliant and the brightest and lightest of summer dresses added to the gaiety of the scene.

EMPIRE SHOOTING MATCH AT BISLEY.



Firing for the Mackinnon Cup, open to teams of twelve a side from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and any British colony or dependency. Teams from Canada, the Transvaal, New Zealand, and Guernsey were among those competing. Scotland led all through, and won with 1,469 points, Canada being 22 points behind.

KING EDWARD VII & VI QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S

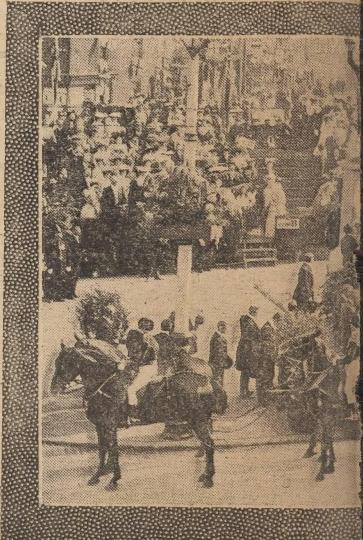


The royal pavilion at the Ship Canal Company's new dock, opened by King Edward during a button which caused a boom across the entrance of the dock to sink, and allowed a number of girls who made a speech of welcome to their Majesties at the Deaf and Dumb School.

DR. BARNARDO'S BIRTHDAY.



Dr. Barnardo, the founder of homes for destitute children, is sixty to-day. There are more than 8,000 children in his homes.—(Elliott and Fry.)



The King unveiling the memorial erected at Saltaire Fusiliers who fell in the South African War. Majesty pulled the cord attached to the Union Jack mid-air as it was falling away.

SIT TO MANCHESTER

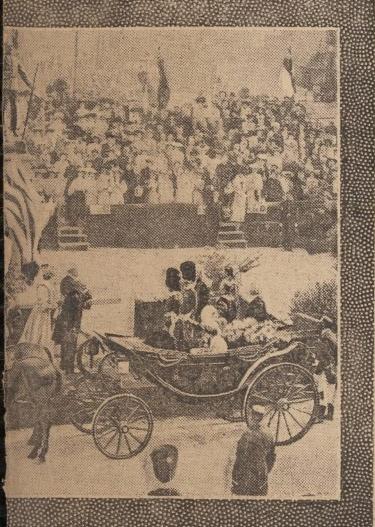


oyal visit to Manchester. The photograph was taken just before the King touched the electric seals in waiting to steam in. Inserted is a portrait of Miss Mary Hickman, the fourteen-year-old who was herself "deaf and dumb," but was taught to speak by lip-reading lessons.—(Renaud.)

PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARY.



M. Witte has been appointed the chief Russian representative at the peace conference with the fullest powers to negotiate. He has been opposed to the war from the beginning.



to the memory of the officers and men of the Lan
The photograph was taken at the moment his
which covered the memorial, and shows the flag in
twistle, Thorpe, and Company.)

NEWS VIEWS

LOOKING AFTER LONDON'S BABIES.



Babies in the play-room of the crèche founded by the Hon. Claude Hay, M.P., and the Countess of Kinnoull in Myrtle-street, Hoxton, for children of working women.



The baby in the bath, photographed at the new nursery at Hoxton. To slum babies a bath is a more or less unaccustomed luxury under ordinary circumstances, and it is delightful to see how they enjoy a splash in the water.



Babies afternoon nap in cradles at the Hoxton crèche. Sleeping in a clean, bright, well-ventilated room, the babies stand a much better chance of growing up into healthy and useful members of the community than if they spent all their hours in the stifling atmosphere of many of the Hoxton homes. See page 10.

LOOKING AFTER LONDON'S BABIES.

A Good Work Which Helps East
End Working Mothers Over
an Awkward Stile.

BY MARION ELLISTON.

If you should ever be feeling that it would be greatly for your soul's good that you should grow pitiful over something, take the green Clerkenwell tramcar at the corner of Gray's Inn-road and ask the conductor to put you down at Pitfield-street, Hoxton.

Pitfield-street is generally lined with stalls and barrows, selling rather unhappy-looking vegetables, and the fruit rejected by wider streets, either on account of unripeness or over-ripeness. In and out among the stalls crawl bare-footed, half-dressed, unshod little toddlers too young for admission at school, grabbing at anything more comfortable within reach—the refuse that has been thrown to the ground being the most easily secured.

Down the side streets there are no stalls—there being no room for them. Here Hoxton's over-crowding is at its worst.

THE PROBLEM OF HOXTON.

Rents rule high down there, quite small single rooms letting at 4s., and 4s. 6d. a week. Woman's labour is in great demand, too. A very undue proportion of Hoxton's women, both married and widowed, go out to work either in the clothing and other factories, the laundries, or as office cleaners. These latter generally leave home at six or earlier (according to distance), returning about noon, and leave again for the evening spell between five and six, to return about nine or ten.

Thus Hoxton, in common with many other districts, finds that one of its greatest problems is—What to do with its babies. Pay a neighbour to feed and tend them or stay at home themselves and look after their own offspring? In theory, doubtless, the latter is the highly proper thing. In practice it is a trifling difficult of application, since, unless the breadwinner sticks to his work, there is nothing wherewith to pay the rent on Monday morning nor to replenish the larder on Saturday night. It is awkward when these are left undone.

That awkwardness was brought home to the Hon. Claude Hay, Hoxton's M.P. The headmistress of one of the schools called his attention to two very young children whose physical condition was giving her great anxiety. Mr. Hay went to their home. He found two brothers living together, both left widowers with young families. Gradually he learned the whole story of the efforts those two bereft brothers made.

They had paid neighbours. The neighbours either failed in the tending or drank the money left for the food. They had tried taking turns at going to work and staying at home. That was unsatisfactory as regards the work; it was also unsatisfactory as regards the babies. It has to be a very specially-gifted man to make a good nurse-maid.

BABY IN THE WAY.

Then Mr. Hay found a wife left with a little family while her husband served a six-months sentence for theft. She could get work—provided she didn't bring the baby. But, then, she had nowhere to leave it.

Mr. Hay invented "happy endings" for both those stories. He also decided that some better provision must be made not only for Hoxton's babies, but for London babies generally. Enlisting the co-operation of his sister-in-law, the Countess of Kinnoull, they gathered unto themselves a committee for the organisation of day-nurseries wherever the social and industrial conditions required it, and worked unswearingly for that object.

The first of those is now happily at work in Myrtle-street, a by-way off Pitfield-street. "No. 22" is a gay little house, fresh from the hands of painter and whitewasher, and bright with window-boxes blazing with scarlet geraniums. Yesterday Miss Blake, the committee's secretary, showed the *Daily Mirror* through the house, punctuating the tour with descriptive notes in passing.

"I had fifty-two mothers applying on the first morning. Every mother who leaves a child here, leaves it because she has to go out to work. We are not doing it to save home-staying mothers the trouble of their proper duty."

"They bring them in here first of all," as we reached the reception-room, "then they go down to the bathroom, have their bath, and are dressed again in our clothes. If theirs are dirty, they are washed and got-up by the evening, and the mother gets her baby back as it ought to be kept. Already we see the defect of that in the way they are brought in the morning. It shames them into washing for themselves. There are the baths, and each baby has its own washing flannel and its own hair-brush."

"When the bathing is over, it is milk and bread-and-butter all round for those old enough—the babies, of course, having bottles. Now, come and see our physiotherapy!"

And it was a jolly little sight to see. The little boy with yellow hair and a special aptitude for screaming was hugging a dolly's dinner-plate; two little brothers in forget-me-not blue overalls

were having a lovely game with a big indiarubber ball, which grew so fascinating that another in a smart crash linen smocked frock had to put down his fat stuffed donkey and join in. So on all round, with a white frocked nurse to keep things happy.

Upstairs the little ones of sleeping age were having their morning rest, among them a little pink-frocked fellow whose widow mother is fighting it out for himself, his older brother, and herself on 10s. 6d. a week. Next to him was another little sleeper whose mother, also a widow, earns 15s. Hitherto she has paid a shilling a day to a neighbour to tend and feed the boy—and even so he was wasting from insufficient food.

"Yes," says Mr. Claude Hay, "this is the first the committee has opened, but it badly wants £1,000 to set others going, and it will never rest until they are planted, and from the number needed there is little danger of collision with any others at work."

It seems worth helping, doesn't it, a work like that?

MARION ELLISTON.

(*Pictures of the Day Nursery on page 9.*)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.

On Monday morning last I sent a dress trunk from my house at Bedford to Sutton, Surrey, travelling myself on Tuesday.

When I arrived, I found my luggage had been there since Monday evening—the same day as it was sent off from Bedford.

I should suspect there must have been fault in the way "Disgusted" and Edward Manton sent off their luggage.

CONTENTED.

Rage-road, Sutton.

"ONLY A SAILOR."

I should like to convey a warning to all men of the Royal Navy against the practice of going on shore without their identification or, rather, station cards. The other day in New Brompton an armourer was refused a bicycle which he wished to hire because he had not his card with him.

What identification papers do civilians have to produce when they hire bicycles? It seems monstrous to treat the King's sailors in this fashion.

Chatham. R.N.

HOME RULE FOR LONDON.

A grave question for London is raised by the passing of the Bill to allow an electric power company to supply the whole metropolis.

The division list shows that a large majority of London members are against the measure. It was carried by the votes of provincial M.P.s—the same people who kept us out of our L.C.C. steamboat service for so many years.

When will the cry of "Home Rule for London" be raised?

FORMER LONDON M.P.

Hyde Park Hotel, S.W.

ANOTHER POST OFFICE GRIEVANCE.

The treatment of the senior messengers at the Central Telegraph Office supplies a good example of Post Office meanness to its employees.

In February, 1903, a special staff of messengers was formed to work the pneumatic tubes in the office on the understanding that they would rise to 14s. instead of 11s. a week, no mention being made of any reduction of uniform.

When the time for the issue of boots came round, they were told there were none for them! Just before this they also had to return capes and leggings.

The department got much the best of the deal. Lowestoft. H. R. SPENCER.

"ANIMALS' SUNDAY."

May I suggest that on Kindness to Animals' Sunday (July 1) a poem appropriate to the occasion would be Keble's verses in "The Christian Year" for that Sunday (fourth after Trinity)?

Lyminge, Kent. M. L. ST. GEORGE.

The poem mentioned by our correspondent contains these beautiful stanzas:

It was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
On vacant fancies throng;
Which bid us see the heart and earth,
In all their beauty adorned,
Strong yearnings for a blessed new birth,
With sinless glories crowned;
Which bids us hear at each sweet pause
For love and for the human race,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's tumult,
In the low chant of wakeful birds
In the stillness of the dead,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
"God made us all for good."
Man only mars the sweet accord,
O'erpowering with his hand,
The music of thy works and word,
Ill-hatched with grief and sin.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A LOST CAUSE, by Guy Thorne. John Long, 6s. The author's "When It Was Dark" made something of a sensation. This book is not likely to do that. It is a rather up-to-date story, but it is not very interesting, and done with a good deal of slap-dash cleverness. The closing scene, in which, Archbishop Temple and Lord Halifax (from the distinguished comedy of the Pittites) agree to restore a condemned criminal for whom he has stolen and exhibited, is almost too much for one's gravity. Still, it is an ingenious climax.

THE DOLLY DINNER. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 8s. A very pretty, tender, dainty idyll, turning in the end to tragedy. The "game" is prize-fighting, which seems to flourish like a dead nightingale. The author's idea of it is hard to believe, but he shows that the prize-fighter can be a very nice boy and make love with the best. Queenie, the boy's "girl," is delicious.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career, to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widow daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

THE HEAT WAVE

AND

ANTIPON.

Distressing as are the effects of extreme heat to the man or woman of ordinary slim proportions, the excessively stout suffer to a degree almost beyond endurance. Not only that, they run a risk which the thin person can regard without cause for alarm. The heat wave on the Continent has been attended with many fatalities, and it is a well-known fact that those whose obese condition has been neglected are too often affected with fatty degeneration of the heart, a state in which they are most likely to become victims of the abnormal temperature. The masses of internal fat that impede the free action of the vital organs are a constantly menacing danger, and their absorption and elimination is a matter of vital moment.

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and during the whole interview with Mrs. Daintree has no opportunity of returning them.

He is therefore reduced to confiding the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to Tom Mayfield, who suggests the possibility of returning them.

Mayfield disappears altogether, however, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept from suicide by Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, who persuades him to go to Devenish House, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a million round about his neck.

Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against falling into Dexter's power, and her warning is echoed by Eve Daintree, who confesses her hatred for Chester when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

It soon becomes evident that both Eve Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

Meanwhile, Tom Mayfield is still working at the construction of a large ship near some demolished buildings in the Strand, and is taken by one of them, Joe Bates, to his rooms in a model lodging-house.

Chester, who continues the search for him, calls one morning at Devenish House, and finds Eve Daintree in the library there.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued).

Somewhat the flower in Chester's coat offended Eve. She had observed that recently he had acquired the habit of the daily buttonhole, and she had no doubt in her mind whence it was obtained. Unfortunately, she had not forgotten the false impression made on her by Queenie when she witnessed the little scene between the latter and Hesper Mordaunt at The Fernery. She was fully alive to and willing to admit Queenie's personal attractions, and the girl was quite nicely mannered; but she was apparently a frivolous young person only too ready to flirt with anything in the shape of a man. She must be, to tolerate the familiarities of that repulsive creature, Hesper Mordaunt.

It would be a great pity if the girl obtained too great an influence over Frank Chester. It was even conceivable that she might influence his career detrimentally. And Eve had made up her mind that Chester must fulfil her father's hopes and her own. She was neither petty nor spiteful; but she possessed a proud nature, as well as a womanly heart, and her feelings towards Queenie were due to an error of judgment. Yet she realised vaguely that she was also growing jealous of her. And she disliked to have to make this admission to herself. It caused her unrest.

She had made up her mind, at the time of Chester's appointment, to win his sympathy, his confidence, and friendship. But this is a dangerous game to play—dangerous as playing with fire—as innumerable men and women have learned to their cost.

And it is a wise woman who knows herself. Before the return of Chester into her life, Eve told herself that she had done with love. Now—

She greeted Chester more graciously than usual. The posy in his coat, perhaps, was firing her with a spirit of rivalry. Her touch thrilled him. There was an indescribable charm about her manner that was both animated and reposeful at one and the same time. She possessed the power of taking Chester out of himself and away from the doubts and uncertainties that had troubled him since his one false step.

As well as inspiring him, she thrilled the manhood in his blood. He was glad, when, after a few moments of conversation, Vincent Devenish showed no signs of putting in his appearance.

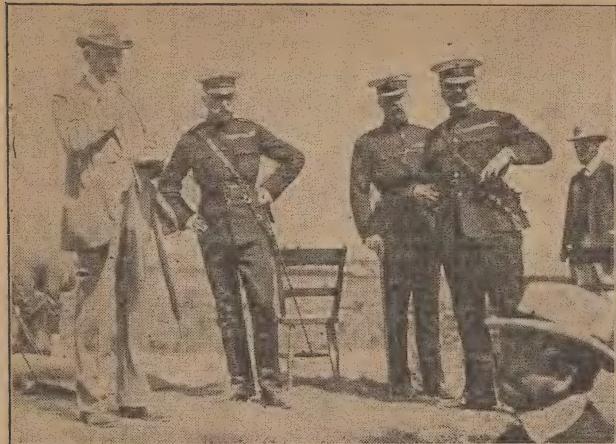
"By the way," said Eve presently, "we're spending to-morrow on the river, Mr. Chester. She shrugged her shoulders with her old expression of cold contempt. "I am sorry to say that my father has invited Mr. Mordaunt to be one of the party. You will be able to come?"

But, as luck would have it, Chester had already arranged for a day on the river with Queenie and Pollie Peyton.

"I'm exceedingly sorry," he replied. "Nothing I should have enjoyed more; but—"

(Continued on page 11.)

ROYAL DUKE WATCHES "DAILY MIRROR" RIFLE CONTEST.



The Duke of Connaught at Bisley yesterday watching the shooting in the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle competition. The prizes offered amount to a total of seventy-five pounds.



Competitors firing in the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle contest. According to the terms of the competition, one marksman with an automatic rifle is considered as equal to two with any hand-loaded magazine rifle. The position of the Duke of Connaught in the photograph is indicated by a cross.

PART COMPANY TO-DAY.



Mr. Frederick Harrison, who has been associated with Mr. Cyril Maude in the management of the Haymarket Theatre during one of the most successful series of productions on record.

—(Bassano.)



Mr. Cyril Maude, the well-known character actor. He has been for nine years co-manager with Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket Theatre, but the partnership comes to an end to-day.—(Ellis and Walery.)

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

"But?" The restrained note of interrogation in Eve's beautifully modulated voice implied that she was mildly curious as to Chester's reason for being unable to accept her invitation.

"But I have already arranged to take some friends on the river."

Chester was no moral coward, but he was uncomfortably conscious of an antagonism between Eve and Queenie. This was why he mentioned no names.

"I'm very disappointed," said Eve frankly, and with a look of regret that accelerated the beat of Chester's heart. "I suppose you couldn't—"

She did not finish her sentence. She had spoken casually enough; the expression was rather in her eyes. They finished the sentence.

"I am afraid not—I wish I could," he answered.

Queenie Mayfield recalled orchards and apple-trees, but Eve was associated with the river and twilight.

"But," said Eve lightly, giving no outward sign of chagrin or disappointment, "I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your work."

She glanced at the stack of letters on the table.

"But I shall see you again; you're lunching with us, of course."

"Don't go," said Chester quickly, and carried away, not quite knowing what he was doing, he laid his hands on her to detain her. She did not withdraw her hand.

"Why?" she said, with a little, low-noted laugh. "Do you really want me to stay?"

She looked at him.

"Yes," he answered unsteadily.

It had all come about spontaneously and so swiftly that he scarcely knew what he was saying or doing.

The spell of the woman, and an impulse of his

quick-beating heart, had suddenly mastered him. He was still holding her hand. He had all but yielded to a strong desire to take her beautiful form in his arms.

And the woman?

It was a psychological moment, full of possibilities; but the spell was snapped by the opening of the door and the quiet entrance of Mr. Dexter. He struck a jarring note. He stood for a moment on the threshold, perfectly groomed, unobtrusive, and self-possessed, a polite, conventional smile playing round his thin lips. His quiet eyes seemed to have taken in the situation at a glance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Daintree," he said obsequiously. "Good morning, Mr. Chester. Mr. Devenish," he added, with a faint note of apology in his voice, "requested me to attend here this morning."

He placed his gleaming hat on a table, and slowly unloosed his carefully-preserved hands.

He had scarcely acknowledged his salutation. She was looking at him with a lazy, contemptuous expression as though she just realised his presence in a sort of dim and distant way.

"Then you will lunch with us, Mr. Chester," she said, with a charming smile, and swept across to the door.

Chester would have escorted her, but Dexter anticipated him, and held open the door.

"I hope," said the latter, "that your father's health has improved, Mrs. Daintree."

"Yes," she answered coldly. "Mr. Devenish will be with you in a few minutes."

She turned, nodded, and smiled in most friendly fashion to Chester; then, taking no further notice of Dexter, and bearing herself with a mixture of pride and easy—almost voluptuous—grace that was peculiarly fascinating, swept from the room.

Dexter smiled—with his teeth and his lips. It was an evil smile. Eve had no feeling of mercy

whatsoever in her heart for the man. She had purposely made herself as charming as possible to Chester before the cashier. She wanted to show him that Chester had her confidence—was her ally. Sooner or later she believed that this man Dexter, to whom she attributed most of her past misery and humiliation, would show his hand and try to prejudice her father against Chester. But she had faith, and the little scene, interrupted by Dexter, had shown to her the strength of her influence over him. She had not yet had time to analyse her own feelings during that very psychological moment.

But she was making a big mistake in fancying that she was discomfiting Mr. Dexter by showing Chester favour. She was playing the man's cards for him, precisely as he wished them to be played.

Dexter approached Chester with an indulgent, mimic insinuating smile. It jarred on the young man. He read its meaning. Mr. Dexter was saying as clearly as in words, "You are making famous progress, Mr. Chester. I told you when I advanced you that £2,000, apart from the philanthropic side of the question, I looked on you as an excellent investment. Bravo, my dear sir! Go on at the present pace, and you will be married to the beautiful Eye and a partner in the firm in next to no time."

For some little time Dexter talked business in his mechanical office manner; but presently he went up to Chester, and lightly touched the flower in his button-hole.

"I hope you won't be offended if I tender you a piece of well-meaning advice, Mr. Chester," he said quietly; "but circumstances have drawn us closely together, and I assure you that, apart from any financial obligation, I'm deeply interested in your personal welfare. The ball is at your feet. I am a man of the world, and make no further

(Continued on page 13.)

To H.M. the King.

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DELICATE AND EFFECTIVE LACE SHOULDER COVERINGS.

Every second woman now wears a flimsy gauze scarf hanging about her shoulders, more as an excuse for a wrap than for any more serious purpose. In the realm of the scarf there is almost an endless variety of choice. The hand-embroidered, painted, and lace-trimmed specimens made of mousseline de soie or chiffon are lovelier than ever, and so are the lace and crêpe de chine ones.

Nothing handsomer nor more effective can be bought than the Oriental-looking scarves, some of which are sent direct from the East, carried out in coarse black or white silk net, so heavily embroidered with gleaming gold or silver that they cling closely and fall heavily, despite their transparency. These are expensive but wonderfully effective.

Long straight scarves are the best liked, and one beautiful model of this shape has triple frills of chiffon for a border, while the centre is covered throughout its length by huge white silk and velvet poppies with touches of yellow and green at their hearts. The poppies are applied flatly to



A new form of the lingerie hat, made of white lawn flounces, heavily embroidered and set on a blue taffetas crown, which has strings to match.

a chiffon and silk foundation, and their great loose silk outer petals overlap each other.

Plain tulle and spotted net are the favourite materials for the Pierrot neck ruffles, and a large number are sold with millinery to match. One pretty model has four deep plissé frills of fine ring net, and a cluster of little pink rosebuds is tucked into the tuft at the front, while long stems and buds fall with many ribbon loops and ends in front.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

excuse for speaking to you frankly. Don't shiv away your chances, Mr. Chester. I should give up the daily button-hole if I should spend less time at The Fernery, if I were you. People will talk. Misunderstandings will arise."

Chester's back was up! Dexter, for all his quiet and almost apologetic manner, was laying down the law as to his personal conduct. He realised why. He was no fool. He saw what the man was driving at; he was telling him that it was time he devoted all his attentions to Eve Daintree.

It was intolerable. He was under a big obligation to the man, but it did not justify this.

"I don't follow you," said Chester sharply.

Dexter washed his beautiful hands with imaginary soap and water.

"I'm merely advising you, Mr. Chester," he said smoothly, "not to stand in your own light. I—please don't think I misunderstand your attitude towards Miss Mayfield; but prudence—"

Chester tapped sharply on the table.

"Mr. Dexter," he said deliberately, "I fully realise my obligation to you, but my personal conduct has nothing whatever to do with you."

Dexter shrugged his shoulders, politely indicating that Chester was misunderstanding him.

"I was hoping," he said in an aggrieved tone, "that my well-intentioned advice would be taken in the spirit in which it was offered. Your obligation to me was not uppermost in mind."

He glanced round the room, but there was no possibility of their conversation being overheard.

"Let me explain myself," he continued, in tones that were a mixture of gentleness and firmness. "When I witnessed that false step of yours in Mr. Devenish's office, Mr. Chester, I did not suffer you to walk out of the room with those notes in your pocket because I saw a chance of striking

NURSERY LITERATURE.

I can heartily recommend the series of storybooks called the "Told to the Children" Series, which is edited by Louey Chisholm, and published by Messrs. Jack, of London and Edinburgh. The volumes are dainty and square, and cost only 1s. 6d. each net. They are bound in cloth, have gilt edges and picture designs on the outside; moreover, each little tome is finished with a pretty silk marker. At one shilling the same books are published with less ornamentation about them.

The volumes that I have before me now are "Stories from Chaucer" and "Stories from 'The Faerie Queen,'" thrilling tales that will delight

PRIZE RESULTS AND FUTURE PRIZES.

THREE BOYS AND ONE GIRL WIN.

The first prize of 5s. for the best colouring of the picture given last week, which represented two boats in a bay at the seaside, is awarded to Edith Ives, aged eleven years, 9, Aberdeen-walk, Armley, near Leeds. Edith has mounted her drawing very nicely, and though this fact has not helped her to gain the prize it is mentioned because drawings

seignior. His address is 26a, Shaddeles-road, New Cross, S.E.

Chosen for honourable mention are the pictures sent by Frank F. Morgan, aged 13, Hazelwood, 60, Duckett-road, Harringay, N.; Alice Wills, aged five years, who sent a wonderfully cleverly coloured sketch; her address is Seafields, Copar Angus, N.B.; Edgar J. Smith, aged twelve, 20, Fore-street, Devonport; Albert Edward Maxwell, aged nine, 2, Lancaster-street, Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Harold Loe, aged eight, 183, Anerley-road, Anerley, S.E.; Harold J. Proctor, aged thirteen, 139, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W., who received a prize; I remember, a little time ago, and Arthur Albrow, aged thirteen, 43, Hinton-road, Loughborough Junction, S.E.

The subject of this week's picture is a frog taking a joyous promenade in the shade of some large and beautiful flowers. In order that he shall not suffer from sun-stroke he is holding a toadstool over his head. This picture should be coloured in chalks or water colour, and the contributions should be sent up till the first post on Thursday morning next, addressed, "The Children's Corner," Daily Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

The usual number of prizes, namely, one of 5s. and three of 2s. 6d. each, will be awarded.



Full particulars concerning the picture shown above, which forms the subject of the next competition in the Children's Corner, will be found in the adjacent column.

all children whether they read them to themselves or have them read aloud to them. Each little book is adequately illustrated by means of coloured pictures, and the one called "Stories from 'The Faerie Queen'" has had for its artist Miss Rose Quesne, whose drawings have frequently appeared on this page. She shows Britomart looking into the Magic Mirror and saying, "I should like the crystal ball to show me what my husband will be like"; Una and the Lion who followed her like a faithful dog; St. George and the Dragon, who, as every English child knows, is the patron saint of our land; Florimel and the Witch, and several other famous characters in Spenser's "Faerie Queen."

that are mounted show a very praiseworthy desire on the part of the young competitors to send them in neatly and artistically. I am so glad that even in such hot weather as we are now having our Children's Corner flourishes exceedingly.

A boy carries off the second prize of 2s. 6d. His name is Richard Bevins, aged ten years, 9, Dill Hall-lane, Church, Accrington, Lancashire. The third prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Edgar Ling, aged nine, 8, Westbourne-road, Peverell, Plymouth; and the fourth to a boy of twelve, who calls himself Roland Hill, Esq., and I am afraid will be seriously indignant with me because I have called him a boy. I beg his pardon; perhaps he is close upon six feet high, and a very grave and reverend

boy with a very quiet, though once or twice the thin lips went tight across his teeth.

"You'd better stay to lunch, Dexter," said Devenish brusquely.

"It's very kind of you," replied the cashier obsequiously. "But I have already pledged myself. Good morning, sir. Good morning Mr. Chester."

But the firm, colourless features seemed to give the lie to his obsequious, almost cringing salutation to his employer.

Chester gave a sigh of relief as the door closed on the man. He had been uncomfortably conscious of his presence throughout the whole morning.

Eve Daintree was in her boudoir, glancing carelessly at a full length reflection of herself in a mirror.

Moving across to a bureau, she unlocked a drawer and took from it a photograph. It was her dead husband's picture.

"I could have forgivin' him everything," she whispered. "Everything—except that other woman."

She held the photograph from her at arm's length.

"I loved you, Cecil," she whispered. "But I couldn't forgive you that. I could have forgivin' you all else—but that killed my love."

Nor could one imagine Eve forgiving infidelity in a man—a man to whom she had yielded her proud heart, and revealed herself a loving and impassioned woman. And the humiliation of a proud woman, under such circumstances, is more easily understood than described.

She locked the photograph away in her bureau. Once she believed that love had gone out of her life for ever. Now—

The spirit of unrest was visible on her proud face as the great gong boomed out its summons to lunch.

(To be continued.)

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TRIALS AT NEWMARKET.

T. Jennings's Reception (F. Hardy), 1; Prejudice, 2; Induction, 2; Niskina, 4. One mile and a quarter. Won by a length; a similar distance dividing second and third.

T. Jennings's Enfant de Miracé (F. Hardy), 1; Cold-rod, 2; Lady Empress, 3. Five furlongs. Won by a length; a bold third.

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Beaufort Shakes, Newmarket—Grey Green. All entries handwritten—Pretty Dick—Penshaw, Zeff, Venitas, Rosarian, La Paix. All engagements in Lord Wolverton's name—Persian Knight.

CYLCLING CLUB RUNS.

With the thermometer registering a temperature on a par with that of the torrid zone just now, cyclists are favouring the mid-night run in preference to courting sunstroke by riding during the day. Great numbers of riders poured down the Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne roads at 11 p.m. on Saturday night, the light having last week-end, and doubtless the same will be the case tonight.

The unfortunate side of such beautiful weather, so far as the cyclist is concerned, is that the puncture demon is very assertive and mischievous, and much time is wasted and patience tried in repairing tyres by the wayside. A little rain would be a boon all round at the present time, and materially helpful in "binding" the loose surfaces of the night roads.

The Stanley are riding to Wade's Mill this afternoon, the route being via Stag Hills, Barnet, and Herford. The club meet at Winchley at four o'clock.

The Cyclists' Club are again contesting the historic race known as "Fry's Hundred," the principal prize for which is a handsome trophy, presented by the late R. H. Fry (familiarly known in Turf circles as "The Leviathan"). Several clubs are supporting the Aspency by making their run to the Sydenham pleasure resort.

Catford are riding to Esher with an "extension" to Bisley Camp via Addlestone and Epsom. In the latter town, which has a special interest to the cyclist—namely, the Southern's open 100 miles time trial—has attracted some good entries, although four of the Unity's best men, including Ayden and Fisher, will be competing in the London County road race. Finchley and Kingsdale are also holding time trials, the former incorporating the club championship in the same event.

Brighton will be visited by a number of clubs this weekend, including the De Vere, Groombridge, and Monks Silverdale, and Yorkshire. Among the eastern clubs the cooling shades of Epping Forest will be much in request, while further out at Chelmsford, where the Essex Cyclists' Club are due to take place, a good gathering of cyclists may be expected. Both Bromley and the northern division of the Daily Press are riding to the county town, and the southern section of the latter club to Sevenoaks.

SOUTHERN ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Forty-five well-known road-clubs have entered for the Southern C.C.'s open 100 miles time trials—which carry with them the championship of the South—this afternoon. The ride will be a pure test of endurance, and therefore a good sporting affair, as no competitor will have the assistance of a pacer.

WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The English amateur team of cyclists who will compete in the world's championships left for Antwerp yesterday morning, and were joined by S. Henry, Mr. H. D. Buck, and H. D. Buck, who will ride in the two kilometres events, and Leon Meredith, who goes over to Belgium to defend his title in the 100 kilometres motor-paced race. All these cyclists are in the pink of condition, and the honour of the Old Country would appear to be very safe in their hands.

Two good men will figure in the professional events over long distances. Sir Jenkins, who is a Parisian, has been undergoing a special preparation under the care of a new mentor, while Tommy Hall, who will contest the long-distance events, has been beating records galore of late, besides which he's moving splendidly behind his plucky pacer, Hoffmann, on the Berlin track.

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IN THE
EVENING NEWS

July 25

July 25

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